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Saturday Review of Literature

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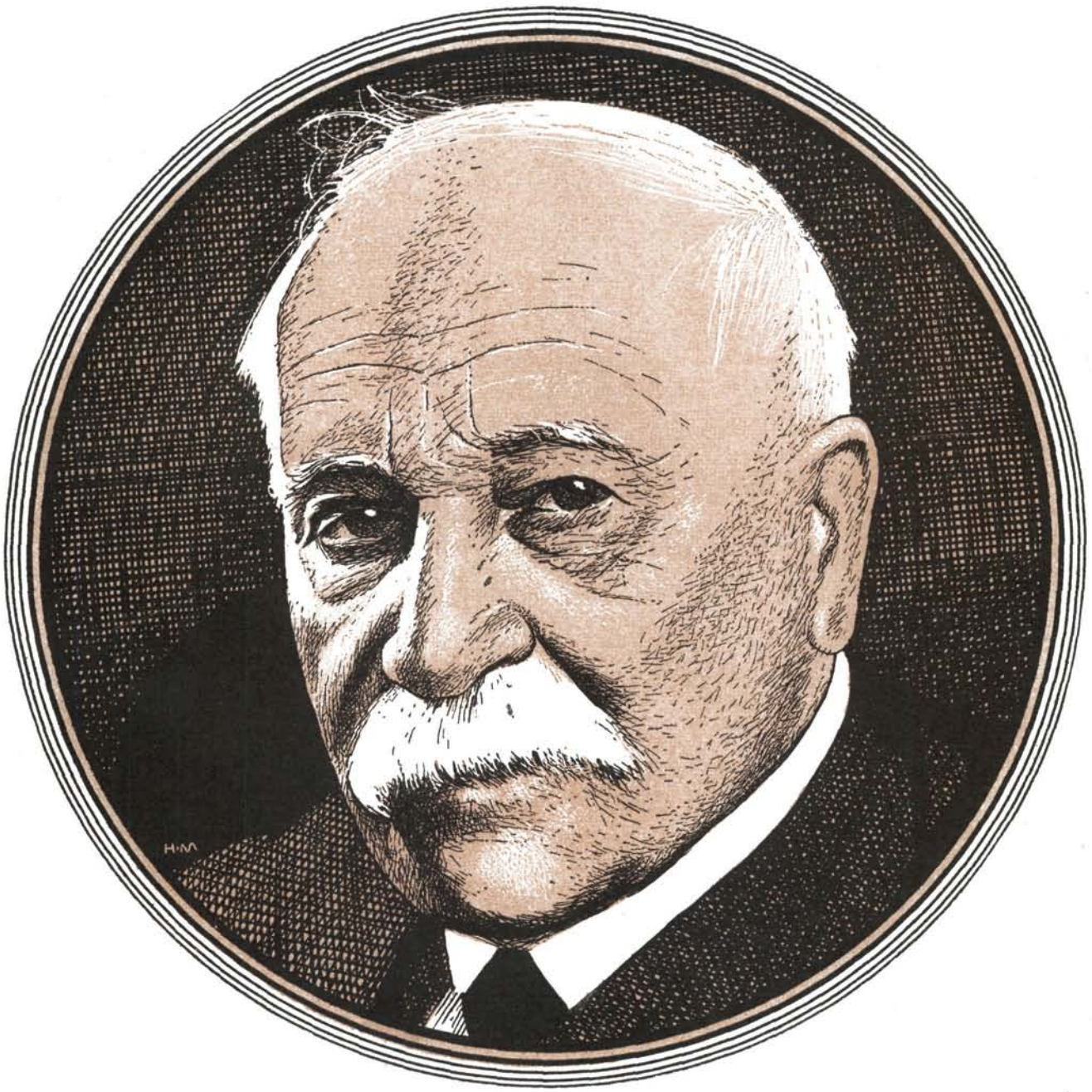

William Dean Howells, subject of two new anthologies. *(See page 10)*

The "Indispensable" Century

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Another View from 1960

By ELMER DAVIS

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THE critical judgment of book reviewers and the buying taste of the reading public are in some instances at opposite poles. However, in the case of Anthony Trollope, both parties seem in complete agreement. Orville Prescott in a recent review in *The New York Times* says: "During the last ten years the tide of enthusiasm for the works of Anthony Trollope has been continuously rising. Nothing like it has ever happened in the history of English literature . . . he is now once again one of the most beloved and widely read authors in the world." For the seasoned Trollope enthusiast and the as yet uninitiated, Oxford University Press here presents a large selected list of Trollope's works.

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TRADE Winds

GEOFFREY GORER, the brilliant young Englishman who polished off our countrymen in "The Americans" a few seasons back, has done an even more devastating job on the Soviet Union in "The People of Great Russia," which Chanticleer Press will publish this month. Gorer analyzes the stoicism, outbursts of violence, public confessions of guilt, and other characteristics that have made the Russians of today seem so mysterious to the rest of the world. . . . Another book about Russia, Boris Shube's "The Choice," due in October from Duell, Sloan & Pearce, toys with the intriguing question: will Soviet officials overthrow their own regime? No harm in looking on the bright side of the picture once in a while, anyhow! . . . A revised edition of Morris Ernst's and Alexander Lindey's "Hold Your Tongue" has been published by the Abelard Press, of 381 Fourth Ave., New York 16. With people popping off opinions and criticisms on all sides, a clear restatement of the laws governing libel and slander is particularly timely, and the Messrs. Ernst and Lindey have performed the task in very lively fashion. . . .

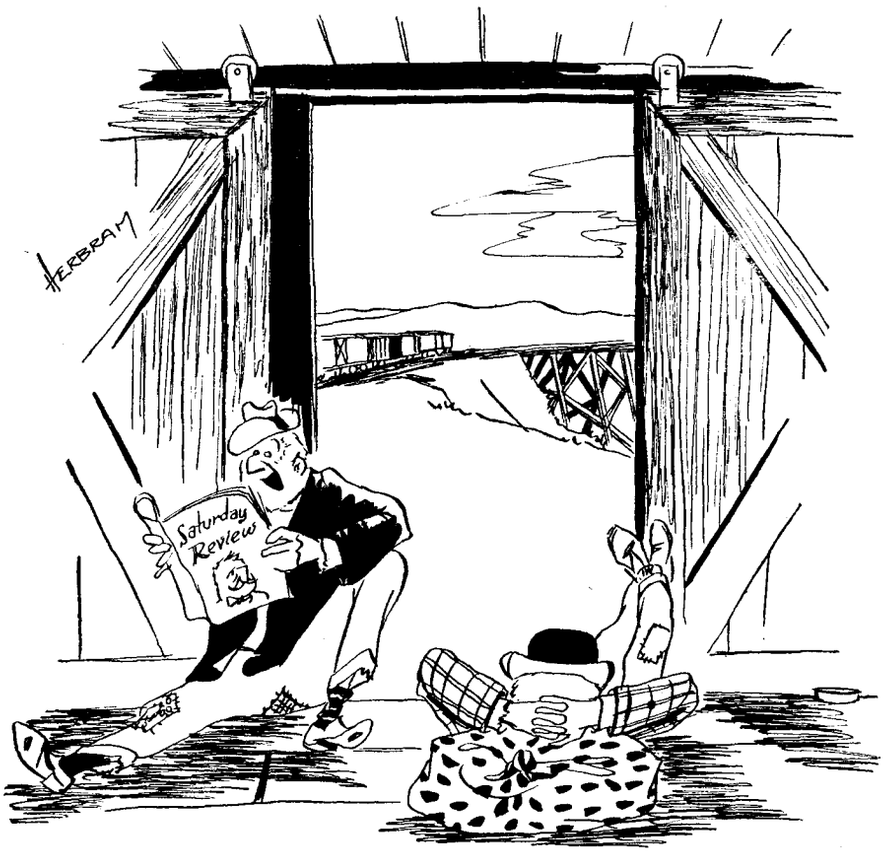
HAVING FREQUENTLY belabored the publishers of inexpensive paper-backs for concentrating on hogwash and adding insult to injury by encasing it in pornographic covers, it is only fair that TRADE WINDS lead the cheers when said publishers show tangible signs of making amends. A gust of praise, then, for Bantam's reprint of Sherwood's superb "Roosevelt and Hopkins" (complete in two volumes; 1,200 pages for 70¢!), Signet's quarter editions of the famous Fannie Farmer's "Boston Cooking-School Cook Book" and George Orwell's prophetic "Nineteen Eighty-Four," and British Penguin's growing list of meticulously edited and unbelievably inexpensive classics. Let the casual patron of newsstands in railroad stations, bus terminals, and side-street stationery shops discover for himself how much more exciting can be the actual history of men like FDR and Churchill than the fictional history of degenerate prostitutes in the Deep South, and there's no telling what a lift may be given to the entire publishing industry. . . .

IN WILLIAM MANCHESTER'S forthcoming biography of Henry Mencken, "Disturber of the Peace," he points out that the golden Twenties was a propitious period for the launching of new magazines in America. *The Reader's Digest* got under way in 1922, *Time*'s first issue appeared in 1923, *The American Mercury* made its bow in 1924, and *The New Yorker* began operations in 1925. . . . Mencken's rejection slips certainly were different from any others. Authors would get their brain children back with a printed slip reading, "Mr. Mencken has just entered a Trappist monastery in Kentucky and left strict orders that no mail was to be forwarded. The enclosed is returned therefore for your archives.". . . M. Musselman, in "It Took Nine Tailors," tells about the time an important studio conference called by Charlie Chaplin was interrupted by the buzzing of a particularly large and active horsefly. After missing it with several wild swipes Chaplin lost his patience and called for a swatter. He continued the discussion with the swatter poised for action. At last the fly settled on a table directly in front of him and Chaplin tensed for the kill. Just as he was about to deliver the death blow, however, he deliberately lowered his weapon and allowed the fly to escape. Somebody blurted, "Why didn't you swat it?" Chaplin shrugged his shoulders and explained, "It wasn't the same fly.". . . Mr. Musselman, by the way, is the author of the newly published history of the automobile business called "Get a Horse" (Lippincott). . . .

IN LONDON, Belton Cobb, a reader of *The Bookseller*, declared fallacious the theory that people buy murder mysteries to discover "who done it." The *real* reasons for their interest, he opined, were:

1. Sixty per cent of the readers seek only a good, sustained story and think they are more sure of getting it in a mystery than in any other class of book.

2. Thirty-eight per cent, while not believing they can solve the mystery before the end by an intellectual process, nevertheless make a game of it by deciding at the beginning, by guess or hunch, that a certain character is the murderer and then reading on to see whether they are right. (Authors are well advised to include the murderer prominently in the first chapter so that he will be chosen by as many of these readers as possible; then when they have finished the book they will go about telling their friends how



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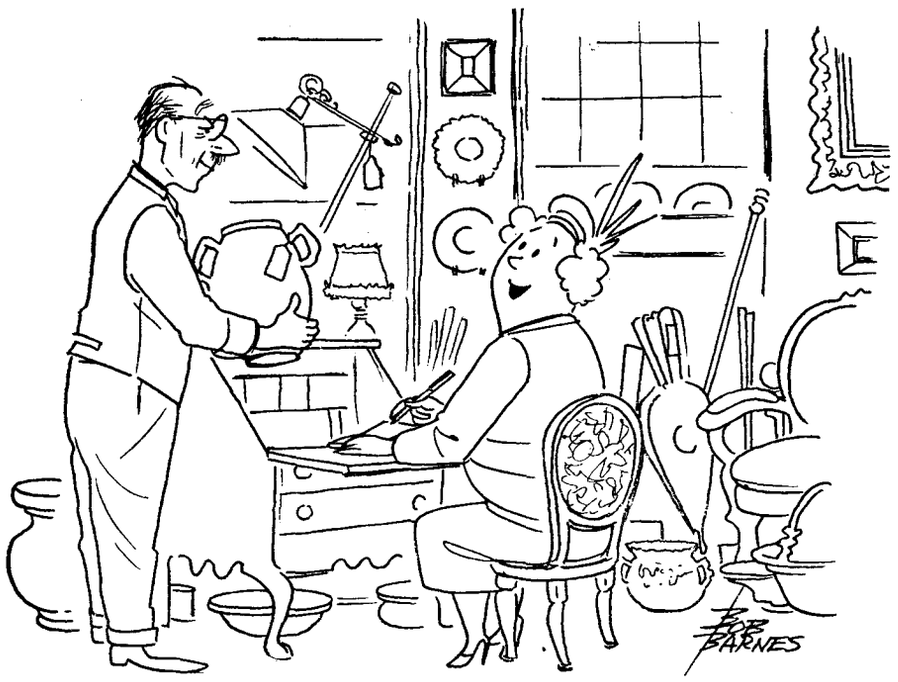

"Who shall I make it toom?"

clever they are, thus advertising the book.)

3. The remaining 2 per cent set their wits against the author and try to work out the solution before they are told it. But this otherwise insignificant percentage includes the principal reviewers, so the royalty-seeking author is compelled to take a lot of pains over something which over 98 per cent of his purchasing public won't bother about.

Well, that's Belton Cobb's theory. Why do *you* buy and read detective stories? And what's the very best and most ingenious one you've read recently? Your answers should make an interesting column. . . .

ROD MACLEAN, assistant vice president of Los Angeles's Union Bank & Trust Company, found time to dash off the following bits of verse between deals:

IT DOESN'T MAKE CENTS

I think that I shall never see
Myself with stacks of do-re-mi;
But if by chance I ever did
I'd tell the world, "Some funds, eh, kid?"

FULL MEASURE

Remember, when you're thinking
You've got to be a sport
By joining in the drinking
Two pints make one cavort.

DRIVER'S LICENSE

The man who walks thinks prison bars
Are much too good for guys in cars;
But put that man behind a wheel
And all the world afoot's a heel. . . .

IN ELLIOT PAUL'S "Springtime in Paris" he refers to the vagaries of French advertising agencies. For instance, near the Café Cluny one day a small, shabby man sidled over and dealt him a handbill that featured a line cut of one of Cézanne's late self-portraits, after the French master had grown bald. It seemed odd to him that a furtive little man should be distributing Cézanne reproductions — and then he noticed the caption below the sketch: "Don't let this happen to you." On the reverse side was a pitch for a new brand of hair tonic. . . . Hair tonics galore you will find in the new Weylin barber shop of Mr. Greco, but a green assistant he tried out is no longer among those present. The young man was polite as all get out, but lacked the touch of the master when wielding a razor. In his best Harvard accent, he asked one of his first customers, "Will you have anything on your face when I finish shaving you?" The customer, a crusty fellow named Klopfer, answered drily, "I hope to save my nose but, judging by the way you're going, the odds are four to one against me.". . .

A MAN WHO HAD BEEN a bookseller for twenty years decided there was more money in peddling vacuum cleaners and secured the local agency for a well-known brand. His very first prospect was a skeptical housewife who asked, "Are you sure that contraption will gather up every speck of dust?" "Lady," said the salesman earnestly, "I ran this cleaner lightly over a copy of 'Lady Chatterley's Lover' yesterday and when I was finished it was Louisa Alcott's 'Little Women.'"

—BENNETT CERF.

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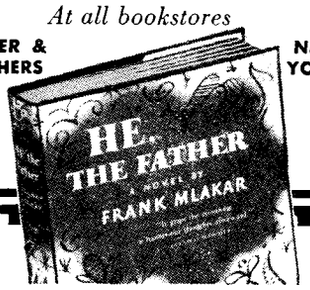

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The "Indispensable" Century

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

ABOUT twenty-five years ago our generation decided that "the indispensable century" was, for it, not the eighteenth but the seventeenth. No doubt T. S. Eliot was as much responsible as any one man for the new enthusiasm, but it did not absolutely begin with him and it by no means stopped there. A good deal could be made of the fact that one of the most popular and "toughest" of modern novelists should have taken "For Whom the Bell Tolls" as a title and thereby made the name, at least, of John Donne familiar to more people than it had ever been familiar to in the history of the world before. A good half of all that distinguishes the serious literature of the past quarter century from that of the twenty-five preceding years could be traced to the influence of the prose and verse written between 1600 and 1660. Neither the Victorian nor even the Shakespearean ages provided so much that one particular generation found usable.

No doubt much of this was all to the good. No reader with any imagination or any sense of what a way of using words can mean could possibly regret a good deal of the influence. For one thing, it redeemed poetry from the bland and tepid commonplace of the Georgians. More importantly perhaps, it revived in us a new sense of human existence as something grandiose and pretentious. The inward life of the men of the seventeenth century was one of the most intense that the English race has ever known. Their age—make no mistake about it—was an age of saints and heroes when a very great deal was expected of men's minds and spirits. They knew, for example, how to be genuinely serious, not merely, like the Victorians, how to be solemn. That was a great accomplishment and one we needed to acquire.

That we actually did acquire it fully may be doubted. But it may also be doubted whether any more of it can be acquired via mere literary influence and whether in the interests of literary health the time has not come to be again more aware of other models, of other ways in which an inward life can be lived and expressed. The seventeenth-century mode — at least when its externals are too mechanically imitated — has its limitations and its penalties. Those, goodness knows, are evident enough in at least the more pretentious second-rate writing of our day where obscurity and perversity are cultivated as ends in themselves.

Pretentious second-class writers would no doubt be what they are no matter which fashion they followed, and they are hardly worth bothering about, except perhaps to the extent of saying that their pretentious second-rateness would be more immediately evident if they wrote heroic couplets or "classical" prose. But the argument in favor of a greater awareness of models other than those of the seventeenth century has a positive aspect in the value such models would have for the good, above all perhaps for the best, of writers. We have got in the habit of assuming that good or at least "important" writing inevitably must be complex, ingenious, contorted, difficult, and, of course, "ambiguous," in the now favorable sense of the last term. We have forgot what virtues plain speaking can have, how much can be said—how much has been said—in straightforward terms whose deceptive directness conceals the fact that the writing is good for the very reason that it is hard to write rather than hard to read.

ALDOUS HUXLEY spoke recently of "the kindly shallowness of the eighteenth century." Taken as he meant it—taken that is to say half ironically and in no really unfavorable sense—this is an admirable phrase. No doubt we do actually see deeper into certain things than any of our predecessors. But much that we sometimes call shallow in the eighteenth century is merely simple and clear just because the men of that century believed, as we do not, that many of the most important things in the world are simple and can be stated clearly. To assume that *everything* is simple is dangerous. But it is not perhaps as present a danger to us as its opposite: the conviction that *nothing* is simple, that the plain is the false, or at least the inadequate.

It might be well if our writers were

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to read a little less Donne and a little more, for instance, of Swift. Many of his opinions are certainly not mine. Kindliness, shallow or otherwise, is not his most obvious characteristic. I should not even call him "typically eighteenth century." But no man ever cultivated more successfully the art of plain speaking. His style consisted in seeming not to have any. Certainly, it is almost impossible to discuss or to describe it. If we try to talk about Swift's way of saying things we find ourselves talking instead about what he says. It is like looking through a window and then trying to describe the glass. One can say nothing except that it is transparent—which is to say that it transmits perfectly. And Swift's style is like that. It communicates without calling any attention to itself. Not only is there no obscurity; there is also not a single purple patch. Considered simply as a way of writing it is the exact opposite of both Donne and Sir Thomas Browne, and the opposite also of nineteenth- and twentieth-century stylists from De Quincey through Pater to Joyce or Stein.

Is that because Swift, or even so relatively graceless a plain-speaker as Defoe, really had nothing to say? Nowadays we especially admire what are called "devastating" books. The reviewer's preferred words of praise are "bitter," "savage," "remorseless," and "grim." But is anything the modern school has produced, even at its most indirect and its muddiest, more effectively bitter than "Gulliver's Travels," written as Swift said "not to please mankind but to vex it"?

If the eighteenth century did not lack passion did it then, as is so often said, lack "imagination"? In examining that question would it not be fair to say that one test of one kind of imaginative writer is his ability to create, not merely characters, but legends or myths, and that among the supreme products of imagination are those fictional personages who have detached themselves from books or authors, who lead now independent lives, and are familiar to millions who do not know even the names of the books in which they appear? Don Quixote is certainly one such character. But all the indisputable examples of such personages could be counted on the fingers of two hands, if not on those of one. Yet two of them—Gulliver and Robinson Crusoe—were created within a decade by an age which is commonly said to have had no imagination. Is either likely to be forgotten before Mr. Bloom and Alfred Prufrock?

Not everybody in the eighteenth century wrote plain like Swift and Defoe. There were also prose styles as elaborately formal as Johnson's and Gibbon's, or as elaborately informal as Stern's. But they all had at least one thing in common: *they were intended to be understood*—which is a statement not as foolishly obvious as it may seem. For if most present-day writers would profess that they want ultimately to be understood, the "ultimately" is important. They certainly do not want to be undersood right off. They want to be guessed at and puzzled out. They want to be explained to the general reader by experts in their private language. They want to be disputed over by rival interpreters. And if, in the end, their meaning is still seen only as in a glass darkly, why so much the better. They have been proved "difficult," and to be difficult is hardly less important than to be "devastating."

NO DOUBT some things are difficult to say. Possibly some are so difficult that with the best skill and the best will in the world they can never be made quite easy. And to leave them unsaid for that reason would be calamitous. I do not think that the eighteenth century did that as often as is sometimes supposed; but even if it had done so, it would hardly affect the present argument, which is only that at this moment the eighteenth century has more to teach writers than they have still to learn from the seventeenth. It is a question of aim and of ideal, of something as simple as learning how to be as clear as possible rather than how to cultivate any further whatever charms ambiguity and obscurity may have.

An important part of the difference is not something intangible or vague but something about which one may be quite specific; for it is largely a matter of that often discussed subject the denotive and the connotive aspects of language—which obviously count for so much in poetry and which are very important in prose also. Probably no good writing which serves other than a purely utilitarian purpose fails to take advantage of the fact that words have an aura as well as a core. Certainly, all good eighteenth-century poetry, including that of Pope, is written in such a way as to take advantage of the fact that two words which mean the same thing in a dictionary do not have the same effect in a given context. Dryden, though his poetry has been very

(*Continued on page* 36)

"Gleaners," by Stanley Anderson.

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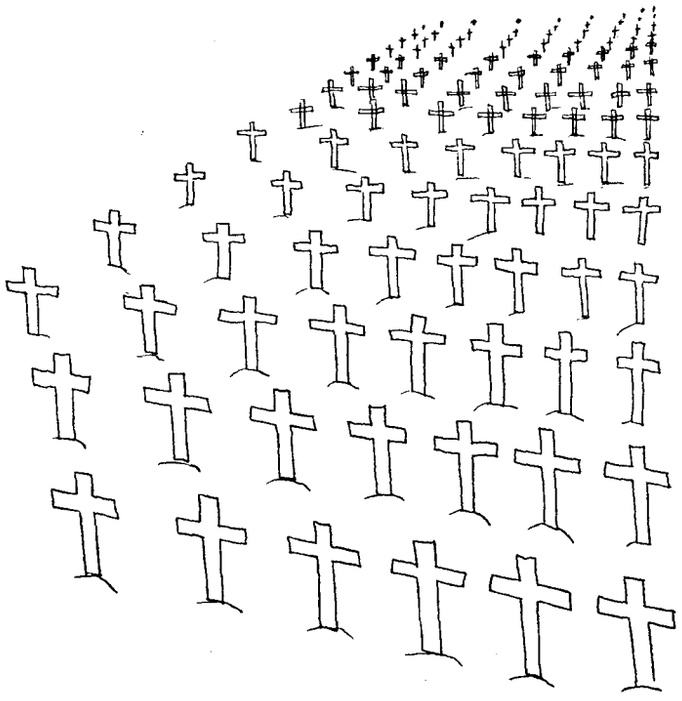
Another View from 1960

ELMER DAVIS



—*From "Nations and Peace."*

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In the issue of August* 5 SRL *published two forecasts of the possible course of events in the coming decade, one from the pessimistic, the other from the optimistic point of view. In the following article another speculative view of the present as seen from a 1960 platform is presented by Elmer Davis, World War II OWI chief and noted author, essayist, and news analyst.*

NOW that the Ninth World War has ended, and we resume the Sisyphean labors of reconstruction, we can do so with at least a somewhat clearer concept of what can and what cannot be accomplished than after either the Seventh or the Eighth. In 1919 too many people believed that things would reconstruct themselves; in 1945 we knew better, but still believed we could do more than proved feasible. By now we have learned that the course, and the consequences, of great historical events seldom bear out even the most learned and thoughtful of advance predictions.

Forecasts of the Seventh World War began as early as 1871, with "The Battle of Dorking"; but none of the many fictional previews published in the ensuing seventy-three years foresaw either the major political consequence of that war—the collapse of four empires—or its outstanding tactical feature, the trench line from Switzerland to the sea. In the two decades that followed the art of apocalypse was briskly practised; and virtually all of those who previewed the Eighth World War thought it would end in total and general destruction. They had seen the small-scale air raids of the Seventh War; and under the influence, direct or indirect, of General Douhet, who thought he could win a war in an afternoon, they extrapolated the trend and extrapolated it clear off the chart. They gravely underestimated the durability and resilience of modern technological organization; they still more gravely underestimated the stubbornness and endurance of the human race.

This might have given pause to those who forecast the course and consequences of the Ninth War; but they felt they could disregard experience because they were now dealing with an unprecedentedly destructive weapon. Nor was it only the possibilities of devastation that had been intensified; the danger came now from a tyranny more extensive and far more elaborately organized than had ever been known before. So it is not surprising that the writers of political apocalypse and other forms of science fiction, when they previewed the Ninth World War, should have dealt in absolutes—either total destruction of civilization or else, after Ragnarök, a new heaven and a new earth. It is human nature to hope that stupendous effort will lead to some concrete conclusion; it is at least American nature to look for a satisfactory conclusion, a happy ending, whatever trials may have gone before. Yet the record of history shows that almost every great crisis has issued in a state of affairs which was either somewhat, though not millennially, better or somewhat, though not catastrophically, worse.

The rule is not without exceptions; the campaigns of Genghis Khan were catastrophic enough, for people who got in his way. Apocalyptic writers of the later Forties felt they were dealing with a weapon as destructive as Genghis Khan; but they too extrapolated, assuming that what it might some day be it was already. They forgot that it must be delivered to its target—or else they posited, in that delivery, a degree of accuracy unknown except in Air Force publicity releases. That mistake would not have been made by those Americans who in 1943 had to explain to the peoples of the occupied countries the difference between the theory and the practice of precision bombing. In short these previews of the tactics, the politics, and the consequences of the next war overlooked three factors which have in all ages exerted a powerful influence on history—chance, human blunders, and human inefficiency.

THE first and greatest blunder was Stalin's; he started the war too soon. To be sure he intended in 1950 only what the Austrians intended in 1914, a cheap little local war; but that precedent should have warned him. With his flock of satellites, his gaggle of Quislings in the democratic nations, he had too many plates in the air at once; when he spun a single one out of the circle it was inevitable that some of the others would crash. And it must have been an irresistible temptation to the Politburo when they discovered that a considerable number of men on Capitol Hill would insist that the United States must not win a war unless Chiang Kai-shek and General Franco could win it, too.

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With Congress apparently determined to disrupt the anti-aggression alliances that had been put together with such difficulty, it is no wonder that the men in the Kremlin felt that now was the time.

Yet if they had had the self-abnegation to leave the conquest of the world to their successors it might have been undertaken twenty years later with better prospects of success. There was always the hope that the nerves of the democracies could not endure a perpetual (and costly) standing on the alert; and there was the certainty that by that time Russia would have a considerable supply of atomic bombs. But there may have been internal pressures in their empire which convinced them that the democracies could wait it out better than they could; and—even members of the Politburo being human—they may have felt, as Hitler had felt, that they had better have the war while they could run it themselves and make sure it came out right.

Even so, they might have waited at least until 1952, when the United States would be more than usually convulsed by a Presidential election. For without the intrusion in the meantime of an especially menacing foreign crisis, it was fairly certain that in that election, if McCarthy were not himself a candidate, McCarthyism would be the issue; and the Politburo, fortified by that time with a few more atomic bombs, could have sat back comfortably to watch Americans tearing one another to pieces and saving their enemies the trouble. Some such idea seems indeed to have been in the back of their minds; but in the meantime Korea looked like something they could get away with quickly and cheaply—a 1938 operation, Austria or the Sudetenland, perhaps the last of the sort that could be attempted safely. The reaction amazed them; they had failed to comprehend the virtues as well as the failings of democracy; they had made the calamitous error of suddenly starting up American rearmament at a time when they themselves had, as yet, so few atomic bombs that they had had to concentrate their propaganda effort on a campaign to outlaw the atomic bomb. Belated consciousness of a blunder made them try to retrieve it by further blunders; and so in due time, partly by mistakes and partly by mischance, the war was on.

THE war was on and the whole free world, going through this ordeal for the third time in a generation, was praying to whatever gods it recognized not only for victory, but for a victory which at last would settle something. To say that devout Marxist-Leninist-Stalinists were at the same time praying to dialectical materialism would of course be a crudely anthropomorphic simplification; but members of the Politburo undoubtedly went through a series of emotional stages which amounted to the same thing. As in every war, the prayers of both could not be answered; as in almost every war, the prayers of neither have been answered fully.

The course of military events is too recent and too familiar to need recapitulation here; except to note certain aspects of the use and the consequences of the atomic bomb that were unforeseen by the apocalyptic previewers. It had apparently been the hope of the Russians that we would turn world sentiment against us by indiscriminate bombing of populations; or else that in fear of such a reaction we would hesitate to use the bomb at all. Its prompt and effective employment for certain semi-tactical purposes soon caused them considerable military embarrassment and promised considerable political embarrassment. But none of its targets was entirely remote from inhabited areas; not all the populations involved heeded our broadcast warnings to get out of the way; so, inevitably, a certain number of civilians were killed.

Soviet reaction to that was easily predictable. Their tremendous propaganda machine immediately began shrieking about the barbarism of the Wall Street cannibals; they insisted that the whole world was convulsed with horror; they said that so loudly and so continually that—as had often happened in peace time—the men in the Kremlin ended by believing their own story. (Plato had noted, long before, that the one fatally disastrous error for a totalitarian government would be to deceive itself about the nature of reality; and had failed to realize that this is an error into which totalitarian governments must almost inevitably fall.) So it was decided to use the Kremlin's handful of atomic bombs against American cities, "in retaliation."

Had this been done without warning on June 25, the damage might have been immense. But the Korean war, the early stages of the general war, had given time for the organization of a defense which would have been far from adequate against a mass attack, but was by no means negligible when raids must be few and small. Of the seven or eight atomic bombs intended for American targets two or three did considerable damage, but not the damage they had been intended to do. The first one, aimed at Washington, overshot the city in the darkness (the plane that carried it flying at high altitude and being under attack from interceptors) and hit the outskirts of Alexandria; its principal achievement was the destruction of that Masonic Temple which is one of the less fortunate memorials to George Washington. The bomb that hit Chicago killed thousands of people but it was intended, not for Chi-

(*Continued on page* 35)

"The Residue of Defeat on Saipan," by Robert Benney.

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Belles-Lettres.

Historians of literary trends long ago charted the cycle which individual writers and their works commonly follow in their transit into and out of fashion. If the author was highly thought of during his lifetime, there is a flurry of interest in his work immediately after his death. Then comes neglect: he is old hat. Three or four decades later, as another generation searches the past for values it lacks, he is rediscovered, reappraised, and sometimes even widely read. This has been happening most recently to Mark Twain and Henry James. The two anthologies which Professor Spiller reviews below suggests that the next American in line for this treatment is the Ohio-born Boston and New York editor William Dean Howells. . . . A perennial subject for reappraisal is the topic of twenty-two essays in "Goethe and the Modern World."

Father of Modern American Realism

SELECTED WRITINGS OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. Edited by Henry Steele Commager. New York: Random House. 946 *pp.* $5.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. Edited by Clara Marburg Kirk and Rudolf Kirk. New York: American Book Co. 394 *pp.* $3.50.

By Robert E. Spiller

THE simultaneous appearance of two collections of the writings of William Dean Howells does not constitute a major literary revival, but it does suggest that the present troubled age may be trying to find some solace in this benign and almost forgotten dictator of American letters. For Howells was the founder and mentor of the modern realistic movement in American fiction at the same time that he was the last effective spokesman for Victorian gentility and restraint.

The paradox thus presented is worthy of examination, and in these two collections we are offered sufficient documents for the study. Henry S. Commager, historian and author of the recent "The American Mind," offers two long essays in reminiscence, "My Mark Twain" and "A Boy's Town," together with two major novels in full, "The Rise of Silas Lapham" and "A Modern Instance." His is an effort to cull from the one hundred volumes of Howells's writings the most charming and durable Howells, and to present him to the modern reader with a lively introduction that brushes off the dust of neglect and reveals the "delight in life" that makes these writings vital today. Clara and Rudolf Kirk go at the problem with more scholarly thoroughness, offering excerpts from six novels, chapters from autobiographical works, a one-act farce (one of thirty-three dramatic ventures of this prolific author), and the best of the critical writing from *Harper's Magazine*. Their introduction—long enough almost to make a small book in itself—is probably the best critical appraisal of Howells now in print, and their bibliography and other editorial aids leave little to be desired. Here then is the students' handbook to Howells. The reviewer (who must at least make some pretense at scholarship in his own right) will therefore find himself leaning heavily on the Kirk volume as the definitive work on the subject at the same time that he urges his reader to buy the Commager one and become reacquainted with his grandfather's (or father's) favorite writer.

But to tackle that paradox. Perhaps the best point for the attack is the critical writing in the "Editor's Study" (1886-1902) and the "Editor's Easy Chair" (1900-1920) in *Harper's Magazine*. It was here that Howells defined and defended his theory of realism in fiction already illustrated in his own novels. Looking back at these essays today across the collected works of Faulkner, Hemingway, Wolfe, and Dreiser, we may think them tame and timorous, but they were radical and formative for their times. Realism, wrote Howells, is nothing more and nothing less than "the truthful treatment of material, and Jane Austen was the first and last of the English novelists to treat material with entire truthfulness." After her, the art of fiction declined through Scott and Bulwer and even Dickens and Thackeray. Trollope alone of the later novelists approximated the ideal, and there was no one in America—not even Hawthorne. It was Turgenev who roused Howells, James, and others from the "gross darkness" of romanticism; and it was Tolstoy who provided the new meanings for the new method so discovered.

Such a creed would seem to be an invitation to the writer to deal frankly and fully with life, however ugly, and there is nothing in the theory itself that would prevent a Faulkner. Nothing, that is, except Howells himself. We should not forget that this "Dean of American Letters" was big enough to approve in others what he could not, or would not, do himself. Life as he himself found it was admittedly tame and delightfully commonplace, but he gave immediate recognition to far more violent writers than himself: to Frank Norris, Stephen Crane, Hamlin Garland, and even finally to the modern poets Frost, Lindsay, Masters, and others. His death in 1920 saved him from the further test of judging the work of Lewis, Hemingway, and Fitzgerald, but by then he was ready to concede his leadership willingly to others and to confess, in tolerant bewilderment, that literary fashions had gone beyond him. In his day he was open-minded and friendly to all who were faithful to the code of realism, even though the reality they saw was different from his.

The reality he saw was the reality of the "commonplace." Quite accurately be recognized that civilization in the United States had been shaped primarily by the homely if materialistic values of the bourgeoisie. Those values he himself accepted as the highest good: an idealization of the domesticated female as long as she retained character and sparkle, a faith in the self-made man of business as long as he maintained his moral integrity, a fascination with the details of ordinary life in the social circles of the comfortable and respectable middle class. Basil March is his alter ego rather than the tragic Silas Lapham or the radical Lindau; Basil March, for whom house-hunting is a major delight and a street-car strike a perplexing mystery. The author who could come out openly for justice in so controversial a cause as that of the Haymarket rioters was, at the

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same time, uneasy when he attempted to put these questions in story form. It is significant, as Clara Kirk points out with conclusive reasoning, that, after the decade of social fiction (1880-90), in which Howells wrote his best and most challenging work, it was logical for him to return to the "psychological romance" of his earlier work for all his latter-day writing.

Implicit in this limitation is the charge of prudery, and to bring it may be justifiable, although rather futile. Dostoievsky may be read and enjoyed, Howells acknowledges, but only as a portrayer of the realities of corrupt Russian experience. The American novelist is limited to the "more smiling aspects of life" which constitute the reality of American experience, and he should respect the moral sensibilities of his predominantly feminine audience. Thus was Howells limited in his "truthful treatment of material" as well as in the material itself; but this is a temperamental limitation of the man rather than, as he supposed, a restricted quality of American life. There is, after all, some truth in Macaulay's analysis of the paradox of Boswell's genius: that the littleness of the man in some fashion was the very making of his special greatness. So it was with Howells. As the first American writer to attack in serious fiction the problem of ethics in a society of competitive industrialism ("The Rise of Silas Lapham") and that of divorce in a society of disintegrating standards of conduct ("A Modern Instance"), he prepared the way for more daring followers; but these novels deserve to be read for themselves even today. They are excellent stories, told with supreme vividness and delight; they are sharp studies of human character; and they are accurate documents for a phase of American social development.

Mr. Commager gives us the complete text of these two novels, and his suggestion is that the optimism and zest for life, the acceptance of the commonplace, the belief in the homely virtues that Howells so fully reveals are values worth reclaiming. The reader of "The American Mind" will remember that this editor has his own prejudices against the cynicism and determinism of the greatest of modern American writing, but these prejudices may also be shaped by some of his readers. His proposed revival of Howells is at least a harmless tonic for the times, and at most a needed stimulation of interest in one of the major American writers of yesterday.

Robert E. Spiller, professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania, is one of the editors of the "Literary History of the United States."

Bag of Bowen Miscellany

COLLECTED IMPRESSIONS. By Elizabeth Bowen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 269 pp. $3.50.

By Ben Ray Redman

THIS is a mixed bag of book reviews, prefaces, dramatic criticism, personal reminiscences, and other miscellaneous papers, including a radio script in which Anthony Trollope plays the leading role. It is fair, I think, to say that some of these items are hardly worthy of preservation in book form, and that the whole collection would probably not have been published, at least in the United States, if Miss Bowen were a less successful and popular novelist than she is. Indeed, one might quote her own words on the subject of such volumes: "Too often collections are to be dreaded . . . Too few writers are right in throwing nothing away." But one would have to add, quickly, that there is a good deal of interesting and even valuable matter scattered through this particular collection, especially for readers who are more or less professionally interested in the art of fiction.

Miss Bowen's criticism is like that of many creative writers, in that she views the work of other authors in the light of the problems with which she herself has wrestled and measures that work by the standards that she has set for her own. This is a limitation, but it is also a source of strength, for it gives her a consistent critical approach and a firm basis of judgment. Then, too, it makes some of her reviews more interesting than they would otherwise be: while reviewing novels and short stories and plays by other writers she is continually admitting us to her own artist's and craftsman's confidences. She speaks of and for herself when she writes of Conrad: "He practised the most difficult, because to the untaught eye the most straightforward, of the arts, in which nine-tenths of everything that offers itself to the imagination has to be rejected, in which questions to which there is no definite answer constantly pose themselves, in which there is no straight going—the artist's course being deflected by rocklike impossibilities up to his very last page." She states her own credo when, in a brief note on Ben Jonson's plays, she declares: "By the plumb-straightness of lines and trueness of angles any work of the mind is, ultimately, judged; fancy may diverge from the upright, but there must be an upright." And she gives us a glimpse of the springs of her own fiction when she says, in connection with the Brontës:

—*Elliott Erwitt.*

Elizabeth Bowen: "One fantasy may be found at the root of any one artist's art."

"One fantasy — sometimes simple, sometimes complex in form—may be found at the root of any one artist's art."

"Notes on Writing a Novel"—with its probing, penetrating remarks on plot, characters, scene, dialogue, angle, advance, relevance—is an explicit study of the novelist's problems, props, methods, and medium. It is also a paper that may be pondered with profit by every aspiring novelist and by anyone else who wishes to increase his ability to read novels with critical intelligence.

Among the non-literary essays and sketches the most memorable are those that give us some idea of what it was like to live in England under the Nazi bombs and rockets; while the most amusing is almost certainly a report on the 1936 show of the Royal Academy.

A word remains to be said as to Miss Bowen's style. It is a flexible style which can embrace slang without a jar. At its best, as in the passages just quoted, it is clean-cut, vigorous, individual, evocative. At its worst—in some of the reviews—it is knotted. Miss Bowen is capable of involving herself in such a tangle as: "In the plot nothing does not act upon something else." Her ear can betray her into such an unfortunate succession of sibilants as: "She was of a seriousness possible to anatomize: George Eliot's lends itself to the same process, Jane Austen's does not." And she is fond of spotting her prose with French words and phrases that have good English equivalents. But there is no doubt that Miss Bowen is profoundly interested in the art of writing and can communicate this interest to her readers.

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Poet, Scientist & Man of Faith

GOETHE AND THE MODERN AGE. Edited by Arnold Bergstraesser. Chicago: Henry Regnery Co. 402 pp. $5.

By Victor Lange

THOSE who attended last year's Goethe bi-centennial convocation at Aspen will not soon forget the sense of intellectual satisfaction which they took away from it. The present book, admirably edited by Arnold Bergstraesser, assembles the twenty-two papers presented there and offers substantial evidence of the vitality of that meeting. The occasion was happily conceived as a symposium—a *conversazione*, as Mr. Borgese puts it in his opening address—of distinguished men of letters who had come together to discuss the central issues not only of Goethe's work but of our own time. It is not often that a major figure of world literature is so rigorously and so objectively scrutinized as was Goethe at Aspen. Compared with the sentimental nationalistic enthusiasm of the past century of Goethe scholarship, this convocation seems to have acted with the detachment and circumspection of cosmopolitan critics. Indeed, the combination of impressive learning and fresh intellectual perspectives may well mark a significant turning point in the direction of contemporary Goethe criticism.

With remarkable unanimity of conviction all participants return again and again to the three aspects of Goethe's work upon which the current revaluation of the poet appears to rest: the importance of his scientific ideas, the nature of his poetic sensibility, and the question of his religion. Professor Barker Fairley strikes the keynote with his elegantly executed attack upon the Victorian myth which forced Goethe into moral and spiritual categories that now seem entirely inadequate to the complexities of the man and the artist and which therefore have made a just view of Goethe so difficult for our generation.

On Goethe's scientific notions no more concise or attractive account can be found than Professor Willi Hartner's in this volume. What remains important in Goethe's occupation with scientific phenomena is not any single discovery, but rather his insistence upon the moral responsibility of the scientist in a world which tends increasingly to detach technological efficiency from ethical considerations. "Technological progress," says Mr. Hartner, echoing Goethe, "is often understood as an absolute measure of civilization and as identical with the perfection of mankind. In my opinion this is one of the greatest errors of our time. What is commonly called progress is nothing but a rudderless voyage unless it is guided by a clear awareness of the immense responsibilities of the scientist."

The treatment of Goethe's poetic sensibility—particularly in Stephen Spender's superb discussion of "Goethe and the English Mind"—is no less suggestive. "Goethe's poetry," Mr. Spender thinks, "is the most solid poetry of the intellectual will. It is entirely new, still new, and almost unexplored today." Especially in his later work such as the second part of "Faust," Goethe is confronted with the main problem of modern poetry: to found poetry on personal experience and to enlarge personal experience until it becomes objective. This has become necessary, Mr. Spender believes, in a world "where faith and morals have ceased to be forces at once absorbing man's subjective needs and objectifying his moral nature in spiritual creeds which hold the fabric of society together."

Goethe's religious faith provided the crucial issue in the Aspen discussions. There is hardly a contribution in which it does not appear as a matter of the most immediate urgency for our time. M. Canu, reflecting upon "Goethe and Twentieth Century France" finds his influence significant enough upon Barrès and Gide; but he is emphatic in saying that the movement of militant Catholic youth which at present "hopes to bring the law of Christ to prevail as the only means of saving society from bourgeois as well as Marxian materialism" has no need of Goethe. Professor Ernst Simon stresses the affinity as well as the difference between Goethe's secular humanism and the modern forms of religious humanism—attitudes which Albert Schweitzer prefers not to differentiate: "Goethe's religion is identical with his conception of the world and of life, which of and in itself is ethical and religious."

Here and there we can hear echoes of Professor Jasper's recently expressed thesis that Goethe, living as he was in a "static" world and far remote from our own historical and religious anxieties, cannot supply the kind of encouragement which we need. Does Goethe or does he not share our own sense on the one hand of the precariousness of human life and on the other of the insufficiency of any idealistic solution? It is obvious that with this question the convocation touched upon the central concern of our day; and nothing could have made this volume more important than those contributions in which the questions which Goethe raises in the modern mind lead to an examination of the total situation of our culture. Among these are Professor Hocking's reflections upon "Binding Ingredients of Civilization," a paper which was acknowledged to be the high point of the Aspen meeting and which should become one of the memorable documents of American thought.

Victor Lange is professor of German literature at Cornell University and co-editor of the complete English edition of Goethe's works to be published by the University of Chicago Press.

When We Heard the Old Philosopher

(W.P.M.)

By Edward Murray Case

WHEN we heard the old philosopher discourse
On great men known to him in youth,
And this so sweetly
that almost we believed
That the slow eddying dust in the mellowing sunbeams
Was the unstill dust of Athens, oh so lately fallen;
When we heard him who had witnessed
skirmishes and winged encounters,
high-flung engagements in lofty zones of light,
And when we saw in him peace and great candor,
And that like forest birds in deep afternoon
his thoughts flashed upward,
Then did we know
What Plato had of Socrates,
And what Spinoza knew
When he heard the holy music
of high geometries.

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"The Funeral, Soviet Russia," by Ilse M. Bishoff.

Soviet Slant on Song & Story

RUSSIAN FOLKLORE. By Y. M. Sokolov. Translated by Catherine Ruth Smith. New York: The Macmillan Co. 757 pp. $10.

By HELEN MUCHNIC

THIS work has an interest of a kind that could not have been intended by its author. As a comprehensive study of Russian folk literature, past and present—which it was supposed to be—it is disappointing; but as a glimpse into the preoccupations, values, and modes of thought among Soviet scholars it is a revelation. Prof. Yury M. Sokolov, who died in 1941 at the age of fifty-two, and his identical twin brother, Boris, who predeceased him by eleven years, were foremost authorities in their field. They published the results of several joint folklore expeditions, and after his brother's death Yury continued their work. In 1919 he had become chief librarian of the Moscow Historical Museum, and taught folklore in graduate schools. In 1938 he was appointed to the newly created Chair of Folklore at the Institute of Philosophy, History, and Literature in Moscow, and in the same year brought out the present volume, the first Soviet textbook on Russian folklore for institutions of higher learning.

So one opens it hoping for a taste of the enticing flavor that had charmed the great Russian writers from Pushkin to Gorky and imparted to Russian literature that special quality of primitivism which is one of its distinguishing characteristics. One finds, indeed, a valuable introduction on the "Problems and Historiography of Folklore," chapters on the origin of poetry, on the several genres of folk literature, from ceremonial chants and lamentations to various types of narrative, lyric verse, and folk drama, as well as a section devoted to Soviet folklore, with a chapter on "The Peoples of the USSR." The translation, however, is cumbersome, and the text itself is unimaginative and pedestrian.

It is not that Professor Sokolov was unappreciative of the fascinating material he dealt with. On the contrary, he was very enthusiastic, but he was apparently better at collecting material than in interpreting it, more skilful in formulating definitions than in reproducing poetic effects, more ready to point to and exclaim than to analyze and illuminate. And yet his interests were by no means formalistic. In this book he is notably concerned with the "human" element of folk composition, with the personalities of unknown or little-known folk artists, and with the conditions of life recorded in their work. From the very beginning he disposes of the early romantic idea that the "literature of the people" was "impersonal":

> If one is speaking of the wide popularity, the extensive diffusion of this or that work, whether it be a tale, a *bylina*, or a song, if the name of the author, furthermore, is unknown, then does it follow from this that there never was an author? Of course there was. On the contrary, there have never been works which could have been composed by no one, or by the "whole people."

He makes clear how a traditional story is modified by an individual singer and how his personality colors the picture of communal life which he presents and writes his best pages in his portraits of certain gifted tellers of tales, notably of the Lezgian *ashug* Suleyman Stalsky and the Kazakh *akyn* Dzhambul Dzhabayev.

Yet this genuine love of the "human," which seems to be the very negation of pedantry, has a way of developing a pedantry all its own. Although Professor Sokolov's contention that "the poetics of folklore is clearly conditioned by the nature of social life" is demonstrated ten times over, his study leaves one at the end with a sense of shallowness, the feeling that, true and important though what he says may be, something has been missed, that the depths have not been plumbed, and that "the hopes and expectations of the people," embodied in the popular epos, must have been more exalted and profound than what one can gather here. The literal translation of verses does not suggest even remotely the spirit of the original, and the formal analysis of their structure is not much help.

There are, furthermore, extraordinary omissions: the most ancient cycle of *byliny* is not discussed (probably because it is the most fantastic, and Professor Sokolov is scornful of "fantasy"); the chapter on religious verses is very brief and inadequate; Trotsky is not so much as mentioned, and, although a great deal is made of prisoners' songs in Czarist Russia, it is as if today there were no prisons at all. The pages are peppered with remarks such as the following:

> And, indeed, how could one help comparing the great leader of the peoples with the sun, the source of light and warmth! Surely, thanks to Lenin, the peoples who such a short time ago lived in dark gloom and absolute shadow have seen the genuine light of social justice, education, and culture. The peoples of all parts of the Soviet land sing of Lenin the Sun.

Elsewhere: "To see and to hear Stalin is the dream of every Soviet citizen,"

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while "wearer of the Order" (i.e. the Order of Lenin) recurs as a genuflection and resounds with the pomp of medieval heraldry.

Did his young charges in 1938 and do their successors today, one wonders, believe implicitly in Professor Sokolov's picture of their land as the Socialist millennium? Or are there, perhaps, thoughts of another kind, songs of a different strain composed sub rosa here and there in the USSR? If there are, you will get no hint of them from the professor's book. The companion volume of his study, however, dealing exclusively with the written word in Russia before the eighteenth century and published last year in the same series of the Russian Translation Project of the American Council of Learned Societies, N. K. Gudzy's "History of Early Russian Literature," is not like this; it is an altogether objective work. Perhaps one day Professor Sokolov's book will be studied as a curious document of these Years of Rapture. Meanwhile, students of folklore, of Russian literature, or of Soviet mores can make good use of its voluminous bibliographies and meditate on the nature and meaning of scholarship.

Helen Muchnic, professor of Russian and comparative literature at Smith College, is author of "An Introduction to Russian Literature."

Belles-Lettres Notes

MEMOIRS OF THE EXTRAORDINARY LIFE, WORKS, AND DISCOVERIES OF MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS. Charles Kerby-Miller. Published for Wellesley College by Yale University Press. $5. These fictitious burlesque memoirs grew out of the literary comradeship of six men of the age of Queen Anne who met informally to ridicule "all the false tastes in learning," as Pope remarked. Besides him, the group included Swift, Gay, and Dr. Arbuthnot, and their collaboration produced a brilliant if uneven satire. Although the piece was conceived and begun in 1714 and later worked on intermittently, it was not published until 1741, so that by benefit of hindsight we see in it hints of "Gulliver's Travels," of "The Dunciad," and less obviously of "The Beggar's Opera." That accounts for its literary-historical importance, but it possesses more than that. It has a Rabelaisian humor and gusto and a variety of moods and materials which illuminate its times. Some of the episodes are superb, for example the one relating Martin's love for the "double mistress" whom he marries, and the essay (intended by Pope for a periodical) about the love-sick fop in love with himself.

Professor Kerby-Miller's treatment is exhaustive. Statistically, the memoirs of 80 pages (large type) are sandwiched between a preface of 80 pages (small type) and notes of 200 pages (small type) which run down every allusion with encyclopedic range and minute thoroughness. Although the unsympathetic may see an irony in this treatment for a satire on pedantry, he has actually performed a great service to scholars by his research, and to general readers by his excavation of such a glittering memorial of the Augustan Age.

—Robert Halsband.

COMEDY, by L. J. Potts. Longmans, Green. $1.60. Here is a volume which might have been one of those painfully pedantic treatises in which the academicians seem often to specialize. In these, comedy, as target for the lecture method and the wagging finger, emerges somewhat bedraggled and certainly somewhat unattractive. It is a pleasure, therefore, to discover that Professor Potts, although he has crammed his book full of information, never attempts to cram the reader. His duty is to teach, but he camouflages his methods with unusual resourcefulness. Choosing from the vast treasury of English and Continental comedy from Aristophanes to Shaw, he underlines the concrete rather than the abstract and treats the reader to many examples from the texts he discusses. Then, when the practice has proved the theory, he politely backs away and lets us enjoy our perspicacity.

Some of the author's ideas seem eminently useful, particularly the basic premise that "comedy depends on the eye of the beholder, not on the character of the object he has in view; that nothing in nature is categorically comic." From here Professor Potts carefully works his way through the great comic masterpieces, allowing us to observe them, as it were, in their natural habitat. Probably because of this approach, oblique as the nature of comedy itself, his ideas emerge unscathed, and comedy remains as robustly delicate as ever.

—Donald Richie.

FOLK TALES OF IRELAND, by Mary Eirwen Jones. Medill McBride, New York. $2. "The folk lore of Ireland . . . is a field which is almost unexploited and ungarnered." This statement from the jacket will astonish nobody who has lived anywhere in that enchanting island. For where in the world is storytelling more prized? Or where, even among the Arab countries, are there so many gifted bards passing themselves off as common folk? Here in "Folk Tales of Ireland" are the kind of stories they tell with such wide-eyed half belief of miracle-working saints, of horned witches and ghosties, of a magic potion brewed from shamrocks steeped in poteen, and, it goes without saying, the wee folk. The narrator is at her best when she slips into their own peculiar manner of telling as in "The Black Rogue" and "The Bewitching of Ross Freel." But, however they are presented, these sixteen tales must be valued for the insight they give us into Irish life, past and present, in which a one-eyed giant, Balor of the Evil Eye, proves nobler than the priests and where a donkey is as good as his master and, oftener than not, considerably brighter. The illustrations by E. Meirion Roberts are mainly strong and spirited, while between the chapters are samples of native verse that unquestionably deepen the flavor of an already engaging little volume.

—From "Folk Tales of Ireland."

—Dahris Martin.

A HISTORY OF GREEK LITERATURE, by Moses Hadas. Columbia University Press. $4.25. Greek literature has a history longer than any other European literature; it also has an infinite variety and richness and challenges any historian who applies himself to it. Professor Hadas's book is notably successful in two features: its scope and its liveliness. He sketches the long history of the literary works and ideas, and with such copiousness and familiarity that his book is an astonishing performance for that rea-

(*Continued on page* 33)

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U.S.A. *Just as the news with the deepest significance does not always get on the front pages, books which deal with the most momentous of our national problems frequently suffer neglect from reviewers and readers. The half dozen recent books reviewed below have not caused anyone to stop the presses or start a stampede at the bookstalls, but they shed light on some of our most pressing contemporary questions. With the State Department being roundly damned and defended for its handling of the Asian situation, James L. McCamy's "The Administration of American Foreign Affairs" has become particularly cogent. The political and social effects of big business on American life are interpreted by Vernon A. Mund's "Government and Business" and Charles R. Walker's "Steeltown." Two other perennial, perplexing problems, the racial minority and juvenile delinquency, are treated in J. Saunders Redding's "They Came in Chains" and Albert Deutch's "Our Rejected Children."*

Our Ailing State Department

THE ADMINISTRATION OF AMERICAN FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By James L. McCamy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 364 pp. $5.

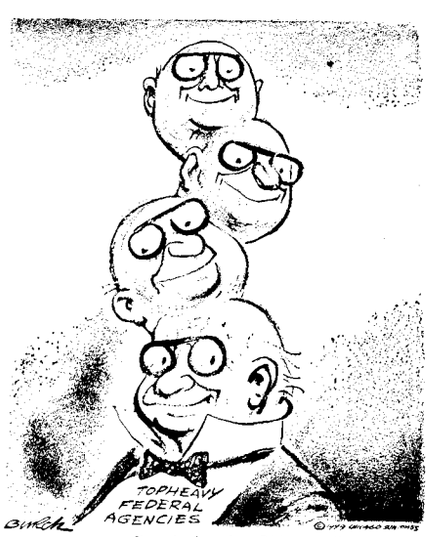
By Basil Rauch

IN THE nineteenth century the American Department of State suffered from the indifference to foreign relations of our citizens, Congress, and Presidents; today it is in the doghouse because the archaic priesthood of the Foreign Service and the organizational shambles in Washington—natural products of the old indifference—are recognized by citizens, Congress, Presidents, and the Hoover Commission to be incapable of dealing properly with our stupendously expanded foreign affairs. The surprising thing that Professor James L. McCamy pretty well proves from personal experience in government and elaborate study is that the Department and the Foreign Service cannot and should not be reorganized to get on top of its assigned and assumed duties.

He tells the story since the arcadian days of President Jefferson, when the Department's several dozen functions were allocated among its eight permanent employees. After bureaus superseded employees as the units in the table of organization, Secretary Hamilton Fish in 1870 introduced by a grand reorganization "a siege of error which has harassed the Department ever since." He multiplied bureaus and confusion, and both have been multiplied casually and by "reformist" design many times again.

A little something was done in October 1949 to carry out the recommendations of the Hoover Commission. But the promise of effective reorganization inherent in the appointment of Dean Acheson, former vice-president of the Hoover Commission, as Secretary of State has not been kept. McCamy with the grisly but useful joy in his work of a good coroner explains why reorganization may even be impossible and undesirable: history has killed off State's attempt to control the entirety of our foreign relations.

The truth is that our foreign relations have outgrown the capacity of a Department and Foreign Service whose chief concern should be political affairs. Consider the position of an ambassador to Great Britain when an American official taking orders from an agency other than the State Department arrives in London to dispense Lend-Lease or Marshall Plan aid. The pen that hovers over Uncle Sam's checkbook is mightier than the striped pants, so British officialdom stays away from the ambassador in droves. Economic policy has in our day more influence than political policy. Of course all American officials abroad should be and theoretically are subject to the guidance of political officers. But it turns out that their authority is exercised, for one example, by the embassies and the Department subjecting the correspondence between other agencies and their members abroad to a censorship that includes refusal to transmit letters, refusal to notify the parties of the refusal, and refusal to state the reasons for the refusal when the mail doesn't arrive.



—*Burck in the* Chicago Sun-Times.

"Two Heads Are Better Than One?"

Many, many other items in the appalling catalogue of State's monkey wrenches are calmly described and their price tags filled in by the author of this extraordinary book. His thesis is that administration largely determines policy. One might be tempted to call this a political scientist's exaggeration (the author professes the subject at the University of Wisconsin) were it not that the sum total cost of the monumental maladministration of our foreign policy may well be our national security and our peace.

What to do? McCamy suggests that a new general staff for foreign relations should be set up in the Executive Office of the President to supersede the National Security Council (getting rid of its overweight of military representation) in order to exercise the President's authority over all departments, including State, and agencies that are involved in foreign affairs. It is a pity that this splendid proposal should be treated so briefly in a book so sober, so scholarly, and unsensational in tone that its dynamite may go off somewhere behind a lead wall.

The poor old State Department must be shell-shocked by the ravings of the left that its trouble is Fascism and imperialism and by the ravings of the right that its trouble is Communism. We can hardly expect it to hear this quiet and constructive author, who seems to know what the real trouble is and what should be done about it. Citizens should read this book—and yell.

Basil Rauch is associate professor of history at Barnard College, Columbia University. He is author of "History of the New Deal," "American Interest in Cuba," and "Roosevelt: From Munich to Pearl Harbor."

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Dark Odyssey

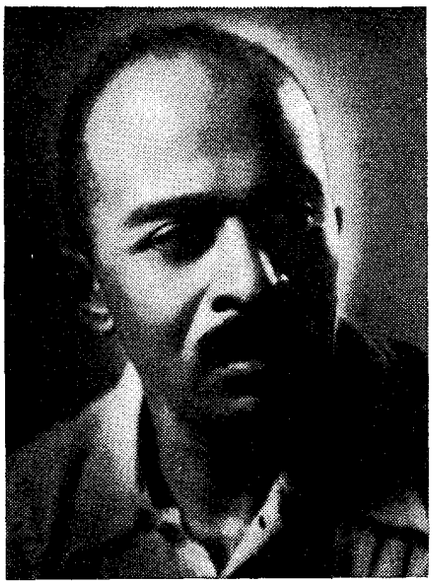
THEY CAME IN CHAINS. By J. Saunders Redding. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 320 pp. $3.50.

By Arna Bontemps

THIS, the eighth volume in The Peoples of America Series, edited by Louis Adamic, is a deeply-felt, sometimes impassioned, account of the experiences of Americans from Africa. Ministers, educators, journalists, and sociologists as well as trained historians have all had a go at the subject. Here it is treated by a professor of English at Hampton Institute in Virginia who is best known for his Mayflower Award book, "No Day of Triumph," a disturbing account of his own journey of discovery in the South, and a recent novel, "Stranger and Alone." Redding's version of the dark odyssey is, understandably perhaps, a story told with organ music. But it is not pretty.

The publisher's description of Redding's book as "tragic, triumphant drama" refers to slavery and its abolition. But the real shame, one feels, is not so much the fact of slavery as the defense of slavery and the continuation of its spirit in jim-crow institutions and practices. Nevertheless, the author of "They Came in Chains" goes to considerable pains to show what slavery was like, as distinguished from the popular notion of it, and how the slave ached and sighed and plotted to break his shackles. Nowhere has this been told with more graphic detail.

But Redding is never better than when evoking the droning, endless Congressional debates on slavery. The twenty years before the Civil War, during which free Negroes and Negro abolitionists listened to this verbal controversy and noted the growing arrogance of the slave power, was indeed an anxious era for Americans from Africa. When the Fugitive Slave Law was passed in 1850, many of them concluded that all was lost. Negroes everywhere in the U. S. had cause to feel insecure. Large numbers of them promptly fled to Canada, including the pastor of the Colored Baptist Church in Rochester with all but two of his 114 members.



J. Saunders Redding—"a fever chart."

It was about this time that Frederick Douglass, himself an escaped slave, towering and young and a remarkable speaker, began to listen to John Brown's talk. "When I strike the bees will begin to swarm, and I shall want you to help hive them." Eventually Douglass argued back and tried to change Brown's mind, but he could no longer deny that a peaceful solution seemed like a vain hope. Meanwhile the great abolitionist agitation continued, hammering on the moral issue. Then "Uncle Tom's Cabin" appeared. Whether or not as a result of this assault on the national conscience or of the South's overreaching itself in the Fugitive Slave Law or of John Brown's shocking gesture or of more intriguing hidden causes, the picture suddenly changed.

In no real sense, of course, was complete freedom attained by the emancipated Negro. The account Redding gives of his people since the Civil War is a fever chart of rising and falling hopes, patient and long-suffering efforts to participate in the nation's cultural, economic, and political life. In the end he finds grounds for new hope in the measurable gains achieved by Negroes during World War II and in the promise held out by the President's Civil Rights program and the Charter of the U.N.

It is good to have the story of this large and palpitating minority alongside the others in any series on The Peoples of America.

Arna Bontemps, a member of the faculty of Fiske University, is author of more than a dozen books and plays, including "They Seek A City."

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 859)

LIONEL GELBER:
REPRIEVE FROM WAR

The peace which preserves freedom can also stifle it. In the affirmation of liberty resides the justification of power. . . . The ends are complex. It is not enough to lift the course of war. . . . We want . . . not peace alone but peace with freedom.

"Work 'Em, Beat 'Em..."

OUR REJECTED CHILDREN. By Albert Deutsch. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 292 pp. $3.

By Leon Thomas Stern

THIS is a fearless book. It is a strong book written with deep social indignation. For its author has made himself a champion of the rejected children in our institutions. As researcher and social investigator, Albert Deutsch knows how to get the facts. As journalist he knows how to dramatize them and to make us listen.

About 125 years ago we began erecting special institutions for children. The conception then in vogue of bending the child's will, based on an old moral philosophy enunciated by Zebulon Brockway, the father of Elmira, still persists in many of them even though a new psychology has arisen in child welfare. American homes from which children enter institutions are not good homes for the most part. By some strange circumstance of fate the children from bad homes go to bad institutions. The stranger irony is that our adult prisons, developed with the aid of modern social science, medicine, and psychiatry, are often better than the "reform schools" into which we thrust our children.

"They call them training schools, but I wonder what they train for," says Mr. Deutsch, "when upward of 70 per cent of their inmates graduate into adult crime." Staffs are untrained, political appointees and often morally unfit to deal with children. Segregation and rejection of Negro children are common.

Staff heads say they have abolished corporal punishment, but examination shows that they have substituted the sadistic cruelty of starvation diet, of "hydro-therapy"—beating defenseless children with the powerful stream from a fire hose. They make them duck walk or hop around like ducks for endless periods, stand in line for hours, mop up deeply flooded basements with burlap rags. There are institutions which this reviewer has visited himself whose motto is "work 'em, beat 'em, and feed 'em." Even some progressive superintendents speak piously of the need for physical punishment as a deterrent.

The girls' institutions are no better, except for the fact that the punishment differs and consists of psychological cruelties such as cutting off an adolescent girl's long hair, bread and water diets, solitary confinement (both also characteristic of boys' institutions). In one girls' institution the superintendent, carried away by her zeal for a cause, had very young

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delinquent girls in her charge sterilized, even including those with high-intelligence quotients. She believed that delinquency was inherited.

In progressive states side by side with modern state programs medieval conditions exist. California, the home of an outstanding Youth Correction Authority and excellent forestry camps which have made history, has Preston, an archaic institution for juveniles. Young people who commit Federal offenses—taking an automobile across the state line, pilfering from the post office, etc.—are sent to The National Training School in the nation's capital. Here in an ill-equipped institution are children from all over the country, often separated from their parents by vast distances.

In the second part of his book Mr. Deutsch speaks of programs for crime prevention and child welfare, national, state, and local. On these much energy is being spent by citizens often most constructively, but sometimes hectically and futilely. Although Deutsch's criticisms here are often well taken, his conclusions and recommendations are not as well developed as are his recommendations for institutional programs.

The most important factor in child delinquency, Deutsch feels, is the rejection of the child not by the family alone, but by the community. The author quotes Bishop Sheil of Chicago, "All of us dealing with child welfare talk about the necessity of adjusting the child to society. The problem is not of adjusting young people to the world, but is rather a question of adjusting the world."

Crusader as he is, Mr. Deutsch sees no insurmountable obstacle to a large-scale program for what he calls "developing social health." He thinks this more important than casework, which would adjust the child to the community. Must the rejected child wait for us to change the world? Most of us will probably be more concerned with the immediate adjustments which are so vital to make the rejected child's own home livable, lovable, and suitable for his development. There is hope in probation, foster-home care, clinical treatment, and the good institution.

This book is one to be read, to be pondered over, and to inspire to action.

Leon Thomas Stern was a member of Attorney General Clark's Conference on Juvenile Delinquency. He is treasurer of the National Jail Association and chairman of the Committee on Citizen Participation of the American Prison Congress. At one time he was chief probation officer of the Juvenile Court of Philadelphia.

City on the Edge of Catastrophe

STEELTOWN. By Charles R. Walker. New York: Harper & Bros. 284 pp. $4.50.

By WELLINGTON ROE

ON AUGUST 1, 1946, the president of Carnegie-Illinois Steel Co. announced at a press conference in Pittsburgh that the Ellwood City, Pennsylvania, works of the National Tube Company (a wholly owned subsidiary) would be moved to Gary, Indiana. This book is an interim report on the impact of the announcement on the town of Ellwood City. It is a case history of the reaction of one community to an important problem to be solved by American industry—that of workers' welfare in the face of technological improvements, which frequently reduce manpower requirements to unskilled labor intelligent enough to turn a crank or valve when a gauge indicates that the machine the worker serves has completed a particular manufacturing process.

As Professor Walker's book makes clear, trade unions are generally helpless in situations where improved methods demand consolidation of manufacturing facilities or even, as in the case of the Ellwood plant, removal of the operation to another location.

Similarly the company, bound by its structure of living and the requirement that it make money, cannot avoid adopting the most advanced manufacturing processes.

True, some workers can be transferred to the new location or to new tasks; the majority however must find other employment, likely at lower wages and frequently at an age when only the most undesirable jobs are open to them. In the situation under consideration these conditions were intensified by the fact that Ellwood City is essentially a one-industry town.

This was the future which loomed for 3,800 employees of the National Tube Company in 1946. Unless the Korean episode and the imperatives of our national preparedness program alter the picture, that is the way the future looks for Ellwood City today. Walker has given us a detailed picture of what transpired in the town during the three-and-one-half years its citizens have lived on the verge of catastrophe.

The weakness of the book as a social study is that it reports a special condition in a special field. Ellwood City is not a typical working-class town, and the manufacture of seamless steel tubing, the business of the mills, is a side-function of Carnegie-Illinois Steel. Although much of the assembly-line technique is utilized to pass material under fabrication from one station or process to another, the work is more skilled than unskilled or semi-skilled. Even relationships between management and worker are informal and generally atypical of American in-plant society.

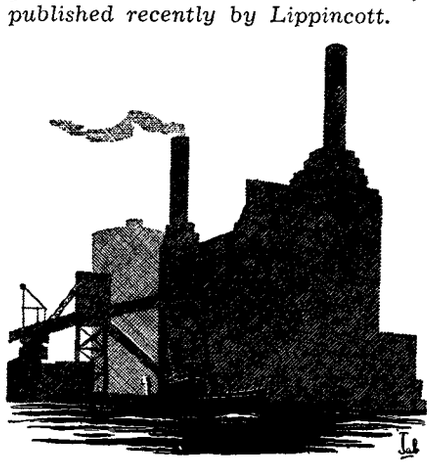
Notwithstanding all this there is much insight to be gained from the book regarding mental processes of various strata of society in an industrial community in crisis.

As might be expected, the businessmen of the town have little sympathy with the aims and expressed attitudes of the United Steel Workers of America-CIO, the plant union.

Walker's report indicates only a slightly higher regard for their bargaining representative by union members. In sixty-two interviews with union members fifty of them expressed opinions which ranged from acceptance of the organization as a necessary apparatus for handling grievance matters, etc., to antagonism. On the plane of participation in union activities it is noted that Local 1220 with a membership of 3,000 held twenty-six meetings during 1947. Less than thirty members attended the largest of these. This was during the period of the union's peak activity seeking to halt the abandonment of the mills.

Professor Walker's exceptional talent for just the sort of investigation this book describes is not at issue when it is noted that he has produced only more—although excellently prepared—evidence to support the rather obvious fact that in our national preoccupation with the wonders of mechanical devices we have developed a habit of mind seemingly incapable of adjustment to social processes.

Wellington Roe is author of "Juggernaut: American Labor in Action," published recently by Lippincott.



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Business Elephantiasis

GOVERNMENT AND BUSINESS. By Vernon A. Mund. New York: Harper & Bros. 659 pp. $4.75.

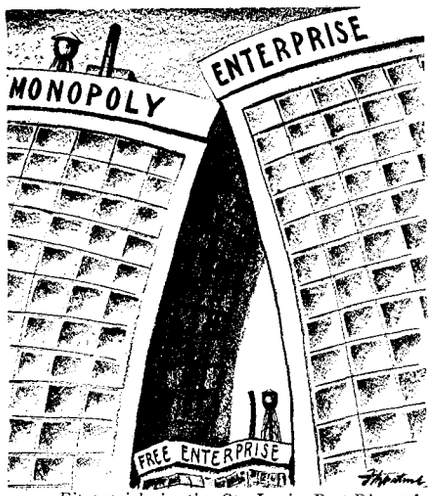
By Seymour E. Harris

PROFESSOR MUND has written an admirable book on business elephantiasis. His coverage is broad: it would be difficult to discover a serious omission in the field of government control of business. But his emphasis is on the monopoly blight.

Even as early as 1410 the English courts had proclaimed the right to compete. The court refused to exclude a second school merely because its entry had forced the first school to reduce its fee per quarter from 40d. to 12d. From English common law to 1949, Professor Mund presents a valuable historical survey of the monopoly problem, concentrating, of course, on the last seventy-five years.

Professor Mund shows why our economy becomes increasingly monopolistic. Stymied by big business, Congress does not legislate the required authority or funds. Thus before 1935 the Anti-Trust Division never had more than twenty-five attorneys, and its annual appropriations recently have been about two million dollars. Yet the defendants in the Hartford-Empire Case (1945) alone spent around one and one-half million.

Court-made law is another explanation of failure. For example, the Supreme Court's "rule of reason" allowed mergers and monopolistic controls so long as there was not proof of alarming and ungentlemanly conduct and of an overwhelming percentage control of a given industry. In excessive concern for property rights, the courts also failed to use their power to dissolve. Thus in the Tobacco Case the Supreme Court in 1946 decided in favor of the Government. But from the time the suit was instituted in 1940 to 1948 the three large companies had increased their business from 68 to 86 per cent of the total and continued to control buying and selling prices.



—*Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

"Narrowing Corridor at Home."

Another reason for failure is the acceptance by the courts and by the public generally of the theory that genuine economies stem from bigness, no matter how big. This is not true. The failure of the Government to use economists while the large corporations enlisted the aid of "kept" economists, as Mund shows, contributed to the dissemination of this myth. More recently, the Government has enlisted the aid of economists; and they helped the Government in their recent signal victory in the basing-point cases —the basing point is largely a device for helping all producers to fix identical prices in a region. In the Federal Trade Commission hearings on the Cement Case an expert was asked what was the probability of obtaining identical sealed prices at one destination from sixteen competitors acting independently. The answer was one in 32,768; in three destinations the probability would be equal to that of picking a particular half-dollar from a pile laid side by side extending from the earth to the sun.

Space prevents a full discussion of the merits of the volume under review. But here are a few reservations. In view of the history of the last seventy-five years the author seems a little optimistic concerning the likelihood of the emergence of real competition. His therapy is sound; but will the patients accept it? Again, he underestimates the potency of fiscal policy, though, unlike many, he sees an interrelationship between it and price policy. In truth, the more monopolistic the system, the more work for fiscal policy to keep output high. Finally, would Professor Mund have been quite so impressed by the FTC report on mergers emphasizing increased concentration since 1940 had he had available Professor Lintner's article in the *Review of Economics and Statistics* of February 1950?

War, Flood, Famine...

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS. By Foster Rhea Dulles. New York: Harper & Bros. 554 pp. $5.

By Edith Mary Chute

THIS is a book for which the Red Cross and the American people should be grateful—the Red Cross because it is a faithful history of its activities, and the American people because the institution is peculiarly its own and could not have existed unless it had been wholeheartedly supported.

The seed was first planted by the Sanitary Commission in the Civil War, and the invasion of women into the army has never ceased since. The doctors said they were too genteel for the work, but the women met their objections with a flame of selfless devotion. Most determined of all was Clara Barton, who worked unceasingly for the organization and finally made it international, in spite of the Government's fear of foreign entanglements. The author has not sentimentalized her but neither has he made her less than she is; and she was a very great woman.

The next leader was the socially prominent Mabel Boardman, who knew what were called the "best people" and how to put them to work. Since then there has been no single person in complete control, for the organization became too complicated. There have been the usual fights for personal power, the jealousies, and the hatred of innovations, but the Red Cross was able to learn from its own mistakes. Whenever disaster struck—war, earthquake, flood, fire, or famine —it was always at hand, and behind it was an army of devoted donors ready to supply everything from sweaters to blood.

In a way, the history of the Red Cross is the history of the American people. It has shown all the muddleheadedness of a democracy, all its idealism, all its mistakes, and the strength that can come from a million minds trying to work together as one. It never set out to be a teacher or a leader, and its policies have mirrored the changing convictions of the average American.

The author has done an excellent job: he has presented the facts clearly without sentimentality or bias and has organized a huge mass of material so well and written it so clearly that the average reader will enjoy the book and find an answer to almost any question he might ask. It rises almost to eloquence in its account of the blaze of self-sacrifice with which its work-

Steadfast Stars

By Otto Matthew Becker

TEACH me your language, steadfast stars,
the language broidered on the night
and ciphered in the firmament,
That I may grave upon my soul
such patience and serenity
as marks your amaranthine glow.

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ers went into the First World War. It was at that time its director said, "The Red Cross never thanks people; it congratulates them."

It is an organization to be proud of, and this is a book worthy of it. Whatever its faults and failures, it has kept its attraction for the good men and women who gave it faithful service and behind it stands the boundless generosity of the American people.

U. S. A. Notes

FROM THE WAGNER ACT TO TAFT-HARTLEY: A Study of National Labor Policy and Labor Relations, by Harry A. Millis and Emily Clark Brown. University of Chicago Press. $8.50. Once you concede the bias in favor of the principle of collective bargaining that the authors of this heavy 724-page volume admit to, their minutely researched, painstakingly documented analysis of the Taft-Hartley Act is devastating. They are too thorough, too accurate, and their prose too scholarly for their book to become a campaign tract. Moreover, their point of view while emphatically not that of business is not that of labor either. The late Professor Millis, whose lifetime in the practice of economics alternated between the classroom and innumerable high arbitration posts (for example, he headed the wartime National Labor Relations Board), and Professor Brown, one of his close assistants, write from the standpoint of that little-heard-from middleman, the government administrator charged with enunciating and interpreting our Federal labor law in hopes of keeping the industrial peace.

The writers are convinced that the Wagner Act was a good law, on the whole well administered, and a boon to the country and the economy. By 1947, the year of Taft-Hartley, the old law undoubtedly needed certain revisions, and this was as evident to Government administrators and enlightened union officials as it was to business management. But if revision was needed, overturn is what actually happened. In a long, careful, unemotional section on Congressional writing of labor laws this book records how prejudice, ignorance, and misrepresentation won out over relatively unadulterated fact. It is Dr. Millis's argument that, aside from its few minor beneficent correctives, the Taft-Hartley Law, although professing the contrary, struck at the collective-bargaining principle and the right of workers to unions of their own choice —two foundation stones of our evolv-

(*Continued on page* 36)

Fiction. *The newest of the literary forms, the novel, has become during its two centuries of existence by all odds the most popular. It is for this reason that many a writer burdened with a message and anxious to deliver it to the widest possible audience has chosen the novel in preference to more prosaic forms like history, sociology, and political polemic. Such compromises of course seldom produce great literature—as three of the quartet of new books reviewed this week suggest. But Hans Werner Richter's presentation of the mind of the present-day German in "Beyond Defeat," Rose Thurburn's record of a Mihailovich-Tito struggle in "The Wilderness Is Yours," and Josephine Lawrence's study of an Old-Fashioned Girl adrift in 1950 all deal with such important subjects that they merit more than passing attention from discriminating readers.*

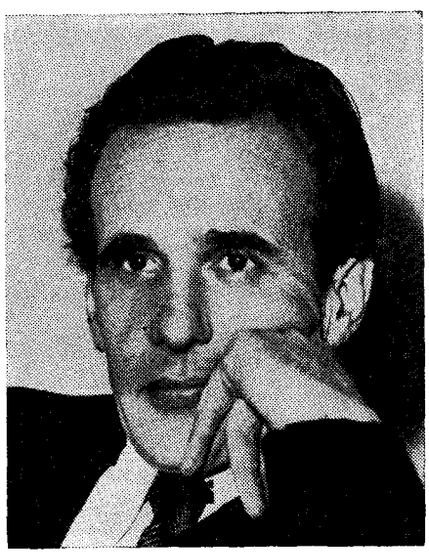
Unconverted "Good" German

BEYOND DEFEAT. By Hans Werner Richter. Translated by Robert Kee. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 312 *pp.* $3.

By Henry B. Kranz

HERE is a German soldier's story of the battle in Italy against the Americans and of life in a U. S. prisoner-of-war camp, written with passion, sincerity, and a great amount of courage, in a realistic style reminiscent of Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front" and of Harry Brown's "A Walk in the Sun."

Among the many war novels published in the last years this is one of the most significant if only because it is the first book dealing with the experiences of a German who was not a Nazi and opposed the war but nevertheless stood alongside his comrades. As a psychological study it conveys, mostly in terse dialogue, the rather nebulous, blurred state of mind of this young and highly talented writer, who knows far better what he is against than what he is for.



Hans Werner Richter—"'collective guilt, dried herring, and American history.'"

War is always madness, Private First Class Guehler, the hero of "Beyond Defeat," thinks. He had been drafted against his will and is fighting without much fanaticism. In his platoon are Nazis and anti-Nazis and Germans who do not do much thinking either way. They talk about food and about women and wish the war were over. Then they begin to realize that the Americans are winning and that they have become simply "candidates for coffins." When they are taken prisoners, however, Guehler is not willing to "help to shorten the war," as an American interrogator suggests to him. "If you're against Hitler, then you must fight on our side against Germany." But Guehler answers: "For me there is only one possibility. That is to work to put my ideas across in my own country. But not against my country. Not in the interests of foreigners."

Hitler's Germany, apparently, is still his country. And what his ideas are we are not told. Five years ago another young German writer, Heinrich Hauser, in "A German Talks Back," spoke in almost identical terms. His angry, almost incendiary, book was, however, more illuminating. Hauser believed in the resurrection of the "great spiritual values—the value of Christianity, the values of abnegation and of discipline, which once created Prussia."

Hans Werner Richter's hero probably shares these views. He dislikes America. Brought to this country, he is very early disillusioned, mainly because some American officers in charge of re-education insisted that the time

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had not come to treat Nazi prisoners and non-Nazis in a different way. "Collective guilt, dried herring, and American history. What lunacy!" He does not want to admit that "all Germans are guilty," as some Americans seem to believe, this although he himself had never actively opposed Nazism, not even in captivity.

The last chapters of the novel deal with some shocking beatings and even hangings of democratic Germans in the POW camps by the fanatical SS-Nazis under the eyes of the American authorities. These events were reported at the time in magazine articles, in stories, and in Ernest Lothar's novel "The Prisoner." There can be no excuse for them. The sure touch of a real novelist, however, is to attack real problems, not to overemphasize them.

The author, like his hero, fought at Cassino, was captured and spent two years in a prisoner-of-war camp, where he began his career as a lecturer and writer. Later, back in Germany, he edited a magazine published by former prisoners of war, and he criticized the Occupation authorities until the magazine had to be suspended. "Beyond Defeat" was a great success in Germany and translated into most European languages. As an exposition of the mind of an unconverted "good" German, it is a warning that should not go unheeded. As a war novel it is always dramatic and full of suspense.

"Now, if their books were only as good as their liquor. . . ."

A Young Girl's Dream of Love

THE BEAUTIFUL VISIT. By Elizabeth Jane Howard. New York: Random House. 343 *pp.* $3.

By Pamela Taylor

TOUCHING and tender and infinitely understanding of the peculiar psychology of the young girl, this charming first novel has almost more the quality of a day dream than a chronicle of actual events. The time is 1913 to 1918, and the locale England. The young girl, who tells her story in the first person, is the sensitive, shy child of a mother who, born to wealth, has married beneath her. The composer-musician father is a failure, the house where her family lives is shabby, drab, and criss-crossed with nervous tensions which shut the unhappy young girl into her own misery. Nothing ever happens to her, she feels, and she has an aching, desperate feeling that nothing ever will.

Then unexpectedly, miraculously, comes an invitation to spend the Christmas holidays with some distant connections of her mother's. She is sixteen, has never stayed anywhere away from her family, and she is alternately devoured by wild excitement and shaken by hysterical fears. But the visit to the Lancings, the big, sprawling family living so agreeably, so expansively in their beautiful country place, opens to her the possibilities of life. The holidays, with their plays, walks in the country, the Christmas dance, the intimacies and squabbles of a happy family, the fascination of her fellow guests—Elspeth, an intense, farouche child, Ruppert, the charming artist, who arrives uninvited and brings with him his shy and rich young friend Ian—are over before she has learned to let herself go in enjoying them.

The beautiful visit has completely altered her life. After it her home, failure-ridden, seems more a prison than ever, and her family, absorbed in their own troubles, pay slight heed to what she does, none at all to what she feels. In a mad flurry to escape she involves herself in a series of adventures which come very near to ending in disaster.

It is not until she again goes to visit the Lancings five years later that she discovers that their world has been completely altered by the war which has so changed hers. She had, subsconsciously, pictured their life as forever happy and golden. Now they, too, know grief and unrest and bitterness under the superficial excitements of the "communal diversions with which they provided themselves." Yet once again, and this time more radically, her future is deeply affected by her stay with the Lancings. Having struggled so frantically to run to meet life, to fling herself at it, life and love come, this time unexpectedly, to find her.

Miss Howard has drawn a compassionate and exquisitely observed picture of a young girl, difficult, tentative, self-centered as those in the process of growth must be, and has surrounded her with a variety of amusing characters, attractive or eccentric, who are less closely rendered since they are seen only through the eyes of the young girl.

Since this is, primarily, a story of innocence and adolescence, it will not do to be too critical of the plot, which, as mentioned above, has about it more of the young girl's dream of love than of reality. Here are all the things which shabby, insecure, and unhappy young girls have pictured the world over—the miraculous success in another, brilliant world, the dress (in this case borrowed) which suddenly makes them ravishly beautiful, the centering of all eyes, the passionate, romantic lover, the great tragedy, the happy ending. So exquisitely sure, so delicately intense, has been Miss Howard's touch that the day dream haunts us, as the reality might not.

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Dealer in Patriotism

THE WILDERNESS IS YOURS. By Rose Thurburn. New York: William Morrow & Co. 231 pp. $2.75.

By Anne F. Wolfe

CAPTAIN SLADE was swivel-chair warrior of the Republic, as efficient a soldier as ever manned paper clip far from the fighting front. He was a valuable strategist. His special strategical territory was his personal advancement; his long-range military objective was power for Slade. In mental drill he lined the world's men up and asked of each: "What can I get out of you?" His foolproof tactics were based—and not without the blessing of the Government—on the principle "Use him and drop him."

The Republic had been at war with the victorious Enemy for three years when an accident to his superior officer gave Slade his chance. Far away in an occupied Balkanish country Patko and his guerrillas were holding out bravely in their mountain fastness. Slade played a long shot. Why not arm and train the guerrillas and get them to engage the Enemy in diversionary combat? That would enable the Republic to land troops and crush the Enemy.

Slade's long shot paid off. He sent his twenty-year-old assistant, "romantic" Angus Robbins, to arm and train Patko's guerrillas. The Republic defeated the Enemy. Slade went on to promotion and after the war to peacetime success.

But on the guerrillas' forgotten mountain there was no peace. As a condition to diverting the Enemy, Patko had asked the Republic's aid against his hated compatriot, the rival guerrilla leader Kapska. Slade had promised, of course—use him and drop him. When the Enemy was routed, the Republic ignored Patko and acclaimed Kapska. Angus Robbins fought on with the betrayed Patko, gallantly keeping the soldier's faith till a Kapska bullet cut him down.

"The Wilderness Is Yours" is Rose Thurburn's first novel. In broad outline its political background may have been suggested by the Mihailovich-Tito struggle. However, for all the dramatic war scenes and the suspenseful intrigues of power politics, Miss Thurburn's story is essentially a psychological novel. The plot, original and arresting in itself, serves mainly to develop the character of Slade. It is a tribute to the author's craftsmanship that her protagonist's calculating selfishness stops short of the ghoulish. In less deft hands so cold-blooded a cynic might have turned out an incredible monster, and not one of those pragmatists for whom mankind is a stockpile of "good contacts" and nothing more. Slade deals in patriotism and other loyalties as certain traders do in stocks and bonds.

Of the characters on whose emotions and decency Slade builds his success it is chivalrous Angus Robbins who soars to something like grandeur. The tragic Patko, hating his fellow countryman Kapska more than he hates the Enemy, is a profoundly appealing human being. Rosie, unfortunately, is a shade too noble to be true. As for the chic, slick Doreen Dobson, one wonders who is going to use whom and hopes for the worst.

—*Maurice Ambler.*

Rose Thurburn—"deft hands."

—*Hal Phyfe.*

Josephine Lawrence—"gift for milieu."

...and Never Been Kissed

THE WAY THINGS ARE. By Josephine Lawrence. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 315 pp. $3.

By Elizabeth Janeway

JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE has a gift for milieu. In this, her fifteenth novel on the social problems of contemporary America, her backdrop and scenery are presented with a living, breathing reality. Unfortunately, the figures who move across this background are afflicted with varying degrees of woodenness. The effect of this is to throw Miss Lawrence's concern with the problems she selects into sharp focus, while leaving blurred and doubtful the relation of these problems to our own emotional lives. The result is that Miss Lawrence's novels suffer from a timeliness reminiscent of the nonfiction in mass-circulation magazines. Instead of being themselves, Miss Lawrence's characters are constantly stopping in mid-story to appear as—well, as The Widowed Grandmother: Can she Build a New Career? Or as The Rejecting Mother. Or as the heroine of An Eight-hour Day for the Modern Servant. And this is too bad, for Miss Lawrence is actually witty, perceptive, and sincere about many of these minor-league sociological rhubarbs.

Her heroine, this time, is named Guenevere Atwood, and she is An Old-Fashioned Girl. Raised by her grandmother, Vere has never had a date with a young man, nor even been out alone after dark. Then her grandmother dies. Vere, twenty, trained only to keep house, is projected into modernity in the home of the aunt with whom she goes to live. It is a fine Charlotte Brontë beginning and, if only Miss Lawrence had approached Vere with anything like Charlotte Brontë's knowledge of psychology, it would make a fascinating story. But where Lucy Snowe, in "Villette," palpitates with jealousy, terror, and pride, where Jane Eyre is riven with illicit love, Vere Atwood encounters her emotions all wrapped up in the swaddlings of such unappetizing Modern Questions as—What Will Television Do for a Home? What of Progressive Education? Should Women Work? Even Vere's love affair is presented as something that would make a fine peg for a Sunday feature: Dear Dorothy Dix—Should I marry a rich old man or a poor young one?

And yet, and yet—Josephine Lawrence somehow manages to be interesting, to be touching, at times to be really moving. Vere is impossible, of course, and her rich elderly suitor has

(*Continued on page* 31)

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Completing the Scholar's Education

FORGIVE us for quoting out of context, but we can't help passing along a single sentence, fairly representative, from a recent issue of an academic journal:

> Whereas pure music must of necessity restrict itself to a far more limited subject matter, i.e., human attitudes and emotions, abstracted from their normal perceptual and ideational contexts; whereas representational painting and sculpture are restricted to interpretative portrayals of perceptual objects which can only indirectly evoke emotions and ideas; whereas abstractions in these media deliberately restrict themselves largely to the subject-matter of music; and whereas, finally, ornamental penmanship is, at best, a very minor art with a still more limited subject matter and content—literature, in contrast, is uniquely qualified to deal imaginatively with the whole of reality, physical and spiritual, and the entire range of human experience in its most universally significant aspects.

Granted that this sentence is drawn from an article intended for professional colleagues and not for the general public. Even so, it illustrates an occupational failure in the education of advanced scholars: a tragic inability to use the English language for purposes of effective communication. There is fear of simplicity lest one be thought simple; fear of clarity lest one be thought transparent; fear of lucidity lest one be thought glib. Along with this is the quaint but respectable notion that good scholarship requires academic jargon—interlarded and over-larded. Hence the love of the mouth-filling phrase and the worship of the polysyllables.

The big disadvantage, of course, is that the trained academician may become so used to the habit of regarding a sentence as the longest distance between two points that he may be incapable of straightforward expression on those occasions which bring him into contact with the public. Only the other day, for example, *The Saturday Review* received a questionnaire put out by a group of American and French philosophers and educators. The stated purpose of the questionnaire was to promote an understanding of the importance of free circulation of ideas and beliefs in a democracy. An explanatory statement accompanying the questionnaire said in part:

> The questionnaire of Socratic method adopted . . . offers certain distinct advantages: it goes from hypothesis to affirmation via verification, and from individual verification to collective affirmation; it permits a valuable psychological diagnosis by revealing the existence, even in the most democratic society, of a large percentage of people who do not think: those who will not think because they enjoy a position of power based essentially on irrational dogmas; those who dare not think because their livelihood and safety depend on the unthinking class just mentioned; those who cannot think, simply because they have no standard; they live in a mental vacuum; moreover, the questionnaire method shows, in sharp contrast the difference between the modus operandi of democracy and that of dictatorship.

It is possible, of course, to clear away much of the verbal gravel in the above sentence and arrive at some fairly workable notion of what is intended. But what emerges most sharply is the paradox of a group that seeks important information yet puts every obstacle in the way. The statement calls attention to the "large percentage of people who do not think" but does violence to the very real connection between clear thinking and clear expression. Consider, for example, two sample questions from the "Questionnaire on Our Normative Values":

> Do you believe that there exist, in the higher faculties of man, norms or patterns that are universally valid, necessary for the development of the human person, and such that one can derive from them the disapproval of certain actions as universally condemnable, and the approbation of certain other actions as universally recommendable? In short, do you believe that the measure of all rights and duties is in man, not in outward authority?

Several questions later:

> Do you believe that thought leads generally to action and that it would be unjust on the part of an educator of youth to take advantage of his influence to inculcate in his students ideas that might involve them in enterprises contrary to liberty, or the harmonious development of personality, or might disqualify them as citizens of a democratic country?

In the latter question there are at least five fairly distinct ideas herded together as a unit in a form that seems to require a "yes" or "no" answer or, at most, a brief comment. Let us suppose that you didn't agree that "thought generally leads to action" but did agree with much of what followed. How would you answer? What would the sum total of a "yes" or "no" or even a short response indicate?

HERE, then, are advanced scholars entering the arena of public service, attempting to make a contribution to democracy in its struggle against dictatorship. They are trying to point up

Do Not Disturb

By David McCord

BACK to a strange room in a strange hotel
The city followed him where loneliness
Sprawled on the bed. And like an empty shell
Still talking of the sea his new address
Gave eloquent inanechoic proof
That with the neon-lighted world aground,
Within four walls and under starswept roof
He'd rest like any fox ahead of hound.
Call me at seven-thirty. . . . Queer, how queer
To sensitize the film of life with that:
To brood in vibrant darkness on the fear
That bells won't ring, or head fit to a hat,
Or elevator rise for one's descent,
Or the last Arab fold his foldless tent!

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those hard facts which alone can sustain freedom. Yet they have failed to build a bridge to the very public they are anxious to serve. They are so weighted down by the trappings of their profession that they stumble and stagger from phrase to phrase, relying upon a sheer accumulation of circumlocutions to get their ideas across. They call for an understanding of the values of a democratic society, yet are apparently unaware that understanding is tied to communication.

The world of scholarship has a great deal to offer at this particular time of national and global crisis and, indeed, at any time. Seldom before has there been such a need for trained, scientific thinking in the attack on problems bearing on human destiny. Yet the finest analysis in the world of a problem may be of little use unless it can be transmitted. And transmission of ideas calls for the organization of logic, set down in sequence, precision, and with maximum clarity. If the man of learning wants to exercise the influence that should be rightly his in society, a good place to begin is with a proper regard for the techniques of expression.

Perhaps a revolution is long overdue in those rarefied reaches of scholarship which hold scorn and contempt for those wayward colleagues who have a manifest desire to be understood by as many people as possible. It may not be too much to suggest, incidentally, that the candidate for an advanced university degree be judged not only by his mastery of his chosen subject, but by his respect for the English language and his ability to make his meaning clear. Until he can do this, his own education is starkly incomplete. —N. C.

SRL Seeks Advice

THE SATURDAY REVIEW earnestly solicits the advice of its readers on a matter now being considered by the editors. Ever since Mr. Benét's death last May, *SRL* has received letters from readers asking about the choice of a new poetry editor. A substantial number of these letters nominated certain poets and critics as Mr. Benét's successor. Other letters have cautioned us against the appointment of a poetry editor who might be identified with this or that school of poetry. It was feared, too, that the new editor might not be as friendly towards new poets as was Mr. Benét over the years.

All these factors have been taken into account by the editors in considering a possible successor to Mr. Benét. In addition, *SRL* has sought advice of poets themselves on specific names suggested for the position. As we feared, almost every name resulted in the objection that we would be favoring a certain group or even a trend in poetry.

Hence this request for comment by our readers. Under the circumstances, it seemed to us that the fairest thing might be to set up the office of poetry editor on a rotating basis. The appointment would be limited to one year, at the end of which another editor would take over. In this way, representation would not be confined to any single "school," to the extent that such "schools" might exist.

How does this strike the reader?

Bookmarks

In "Secrets of the Sûretè," the memoirs of Commissioner Jean Belin (a book in which the author discusses his failures almost as freely as he does his successes), M. Belin writes: "I continued to serve in the flying squad but, like every other Frenchman of military age, I was called to the colors during the 1914-1918 war and served with my old regiment. But after the war I was quickly demobilized and posted to the first mobile brigade stationed in Paris." There's compression for you—four years of war reminiscence packed into sixteen words, four words to each year. Some sort of moral to be drawn from that, perhaps?

* * *

Count that day lost whose low-descending sun sees no new song about Texas and no new novel about New Orleans.

* * *

William Saroyan's "The Assyrian and Other Stories" opens with a little treatise on "The Writer and His Writing"—one of those confessionals that are not uncommon in similar autoanthologies these days. It is worth reading alike for its disclosures and for its philosophy. Mr. Saroyan believes that "even the masterpieces of writing frequently have too much art in them." In other words, there is such a thing as writing down and there is also such a thing as writing up.

* * *

We take a dim view of people who take a dim view.

—J. T. W.

Good News

▸ The New Mexico Library Commission is making excellent progress in bringing books to areas not served by libraries. A total of 24,621 books has been sent by mail to small communities without library facilities this year. In addition, library personnel have been trained in semi-isolated portions of the state so that the few books available in these areas will reach the maximum number of persons.

▸ For the first time in the history of the American Mothers Committee, its award for the year has gone to an American Indian. Mrs. Henry Roe Cloud of West Lynn, Oregon, widow of the first Indian ever to be graduated from Yale and mother of four graduates of women's colleges, received the award of American Mother of 1950.

▸ Young students in the Netherlands are officially credited with the success of the 1949 sale of stamps to aid underprivileged children. The campaign brought in almost $170,000.

▸ Affirmation of freedom of the press to comment against the Government and abolition of the device of prepublication censorship, often invoked against journals that offended local authorities, were among the important pronouncements of the Indian Supreme Court as it ended its first term under the new Constitution.

▸ *The Chicago Daily News* gave a "civic orchid" to the National Association of College Women, which has just awarded nine scholarships to youngsters on Chicago's South Side. Three of the scholarships went to white children. The Association is made up of Negro college women.

▸ A Johannesburg schoolteacher and his son have perfected a flat-tire indicator, which warns the driver when tire pressure reaches a dangerously low level. The device has been provisionally patented in seventy countries.

▸ An all-Negro hospital where Negro doctors can treat their patients is nearing reality in Birmingham, Alabama. The sixty-bed hospital will be staffed entirely by Negroes.

▸ The day when a movie required a Production Code seal of approval to get into a large chain theatre apparently is a thing of the past. "The Bicycle Thief," censured by Code Chief Joseph I. Breen, is playing the big circuits from New England to the Pacific.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week* SRL *acknowledges again the demands of its heavy incoming mail with another expanded* LETTERS TO THE EDITOR *section. Comment on "As* 1960 *Sees Us"* [SRL *Aug.* 5] *continues to dominate the correspondence. Among the many letters on this subject printed below is one by John E. Burchard, Dean of Humanities at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Differing opinions are expressed on John Mason Brown's appraisal of the comic-book "Macbeth"* [SEEING THINGS, SRL *July* 29] *and on Francis Henry Taylor's "A Credo for the Artist"* [SRL *July* 8]. *Mary M. Colum locks horns with an indignant reader over an anthology of poetry, and other correspondents cover a variety of topics from Tolstoy to tidewater.*

"As 1960 Sees Us"

SIR: Norman Cousins is to be highly commended for the challenging editorial "As 1960 Sees Us" [*SRL* Aug. 5]. This arresting picture of the two alternatives which face us today—world chaos or world government—should be reprinted by every magazine in America.

Many a reader will ask: "What can I do to further the cause of world federation?" There are many things one can do. First, and foremost, one should join United World Federalists and give to it all in time and talent and money one can possibly give. Secondly, one can sit down immediately after reading this letter and write a letter to Honorable John Kee, Chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, House Office Bldg., Washington, D. C. In the letter one could thank Representative Kee for his sponsorship of the world federation resolution and urge him to do everything in his power to get this resolution voted favorably out of committee, *without further delay*. The resolution reads as follows:

> Resolved that it is the sense of the Congress that it should be a fundamental objective of the foreign policy of the United States to support and strengthen the United Nations and to seek its development into a world federation open to all nations with defined and limited powers adequate to preserve peace and prevent aggression through the enactment, interpretation, and enforcement of world law.

One may render a service to the cause of true peace, without appeasement, by writing also to the President, the Secretary of State, editors of newspapers and magazines, radio commentators, and all others in a position to influence public opinion. Time is running out on us. We must act immediately.

PALMER VAN GUNDY.
La Canada, Calif.

SIR: The writer has painted a picture so vivid and so accurate that it should be widely studied by every person who is even partially able to understand it. "The Repudiation of Man" is such a startling picture of the effect of mass insanity that it should constitute a guidepost for our thinking in this field. "The Age of Valor" may be likened to the "voice crying in the wilderness," but we can hope that it is within the plan of the Almighty God for men of sufficient strength and of sufficient breadth and depth of vision to arise before the ultimate chaos occurs and arouse in mankind a respect for life. There is in this editorial a challenge to those in whose hands lies the welfare of man, a challenge so great that if unheeded will lead to the historical damnation of the challenged; if heeded and fought for will raise to the sublimest heights of human attainment him who heeds and fights.

ARCHIBALD JOHN BRIER.
Topeka, Kans.

SIR: On the 8th day of August while listening to the Security Council and the confusion of words which might mean annihilation or survival, I turned to *The Saturday Review* and found in Mr. Cousins's magnificent editorial the solution. He so strongly convinced me that I sat down and wrote a letter to the President of the United States, enclosing my copy of Mr. Cousins's editorial.

I would like to know how many *SRL* readers did likewise. Perhaps in this way we can bring "that upward surge in human history infusing life with enriched purpose and meaning." Would it be possible to have extra copies?

GRACE K. STEWART.
Topeka, Kans.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reprints are available at a cost of* $7.50 *per hundred.*

SIR: The article is admirable in its farsighted appraisal of the present need for considering ourselves as members of the human community rather than of an individual nation. National sovereignty has been the cause for much of the world's difficulties. It is a false pride, even superego, that makes men think in such low terms as national boundaries. Let us all join with you in making ourselves heard and forcing the United States to make the first move in revising the charter of the U.N. into a really strong world government.

DAVID F. SQUIRE.
Stamford, Conn.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"How much to start a rumor about a shortage of snuff boxes?"

—*Bachrach.*

John E. Burchard

SIR: "The Repudiation of Man" seems to me to be a fairly good piece of guessing as to the actual nature of a Western world that has been vigorously attacked by atomic weapons, and in that sense, and if one believes that large-scale atomic warfare is likely to ensue, then it is an alternative. But though I might well agree with the premise that it is time for a world state and might conceivably support efforts to unite a number of countries of the world with the United States in a stronger common bond, I cannot believe that this action in itself at this time, as depicted in "The Age of Valor," is in fact critical.

I would say that the immediate question confronting Western society is different from either of those proposed here. Basically, it seems to me that we in the West, and particularly in the United States, must arrive at a far clearer statement of principles upon which we are going to act, for which we are prepared to fight, and

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in fact for which we are willing to risk death or extermination. Assuming that we are able to do that, and we must to survive or to make our survival worth having, then I think we in America must soon come to a realization of the nature of the struggle.

It is nothing else, of course, than a struggle for men's minds. It will not be won, as some romantics seem to think, on some enormous battlefield, on which by some mysterious process we succeed in killing enough more of our enemy's men than they do of ours. Governing the vanquished has never worked out for very long when the original contestants were nearly equal. There is no battlefield or series of battlefields large enough to bring all the combatants in this struggle into physical clash, nor is there any promise of victory for either side in such a series of clashes, let alone victory for our side. Consequently those people in our society who are trying to find the solution by such primitive means will, if they succeed in bringing the matter to an issue of this sort, bring us also to defeat. This is simply a statistical conclusion.

There can come a time at the end of a long period of the contest for men's minds when those who are in the opposite camp find themselves so hard pressed by our successes that they may themselves risk such a contest of destruction. If that time comes, I would be confident that at that point it would be they who would lose, not we.

And so it seems to me that all the evidence of history and of the times proposes that this is a very long contest, perhaps twenty-five years, perhaps a hundred. It is a contest in which each side has advantages. The other side has the advantage of not minding aggression, of being able, as the German tribes poked the Romans of old, to attack here and retreat there in a continuously exasperating manner. They have at the moment also the advantage of an idea which, however it may be distorted by the leaders and however cynically used, has a great deal of appeal to millions of people, particularly in the East, who have nothing for which to thank Western colonizers or imperialists. The other side has the advantage also of the larger manpower; in any man-to-man contest it could win by numbers. They are rapidly gaining on us in the material things that are relevant to the fighting of a hot war, and for the first time, perhaps, the U. S. may find its material productivity matched or exceeded.

Our advantages are less tangible, less well understood by many people, but not the less real. They are the advantages of the free human spirit, of freedom of speech and inquiry, of concern for the human being as an individual, and of an open educational system. If we are to prevail in this contest we will have to do it by using our brains to their utmost and we will have to have the maximum number of brains. These brains will have to be all the kinds of brains that go to make the kind of society that we think is worth struggling for. This means that "useful" men are not alone scientists, engineers, and doctors, but that the category embraces all other types of educated people. Education has become a long process. For almost all specialties now the end result is the Ph.D. or doctorate of science, or their equivalent. Eight years after we cease to have freshmen in our colleges and universities we will cease to produce new people with advanced training. The attrition of these people will be far more severe for our society than any attrition on a battlefield or, I would even dare to say, than the attrition that might arise from a spasmodic atomic attack.

This is not a plea for "business as usual"; yet it seems to me that the strongest issue facing us today is whether politics in a democracy is so influenced by pressure that we dare not recognize that there are young men who must be trained through to a final competence before they are used by their society, even though this means that they will seem temporarily to have been more privileged than others because they are not at the moment called upon to risk their bodies in combat. It is this dilemma that I feel to be the most urgent one confronting us right now, and not either one of those proposed in the very interesting editorial.

JOHN E. BURCHARD,
Dean of Humanities,
Massachusetts Institute
of Technology.

Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: In these days when hysteria is taking the place of reason, witch-hunts the place of freedom, and atomic bombs the place of international humanity, your article comes as a light of hope in a modern Sodom and Gomorrah. One thing, though, you overlooked in your version of 1960 after the bomb. This is that the intellectuals of 1950 sat back, waited, thought, wrote articles, and—as always—did nothing but leave destiny to fools.

SUE SOULE.

South Weymouth, Mass.

Lyman Bryson

SIR: If we can have peace and order, as you describe it in the happy 1960, I am willing to pay a high price for it. My difficulty is in the fact that I believe, with what may be an academic man's notions of realism, that statesmen are not presented with decisions in any such clear alternatives. On the whole, I am glad they are not, because I do not see anyone now in charge who could swing the thinking of the American people to the point of making the choice with wholehearted courage. As I do not expect a triumphal choice, so I do not expect a stupid disaster. I expect an inching along, heartbreaking to idealists but still not futile. History sometimes seems like a series of brilliant battles between champions, in which first one side loses a hero and then the other. After each fight the main armies shift —a little. I believe that the champions are needed or nothing would happen, and I have my own cheers to give them. But when I am faced with a choice between a prophecy of catastrophe or peace, I can only say that I want much more than is promised but will be happy if we get much less.

LYMAN BRYSON.

New York, N. Y.

Tolstoy Speaks to—Stalin

SIR: Napoleon is seated on a stool. It is the battle of Borodino. He is on the road to Moscow. The battle is a scene of fury and thousands of dead. Tolstoy in his "War and Peace" is describing the battle. Here is what he says of Napoleon:

> He, predestined by Providence to the gloomy, slavish part of executioner of the peoples, persuaded himself that the motive of his acts had been the welfare of the peoples, and that he could control the destinies of millions, and make their prosperity by the exercise of his power.

Would that Stalin could read this sentence and read it with understanding.

MARTIN WOLFSON.

Woodridge, N. Y.

SIR: I think every citizen is greatly concerned by the violence that is flaring out in so many parts of the world again, and I think there are two very concrete things our Government can do to avoid more incidents, as in Korea: (1) that the President and Congress make no moves independently of the United Nations, (2) that the President should have in his Cabinet a social anthropologist who would counterbalance the other advisors, or rather add a new element.

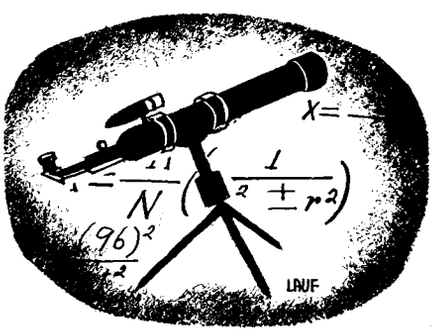
This country has for a long time been a symbol to other people in other lands of freedom and opportunity. But I cannot live on past laurels—and though I know that we have still a higher standard of living than any other country, I feel we are losing prestige as far as spiritual leadership is concerned.

MARGARET CASANOVA.

Hamden, Conn.

The High Cost of Poetry

SIR: I wonder if literary people and their publishers might not have a better understanding of what is involved in using poetry for songs. Most song volumes yield very small profits, if any at all. There is no possibility whatever that a musical setting of a really good poem could ever achieve a Broadway success. And yet composers are asked to pay anywhere from ten to twenty-five dollars for the use of a copyrighted poem, no matter how short, and even for a translation. A modest book, let us say of ten songs, could well cost a composer more in literary rights than he could ever hope to earn from it. Present usage



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forces a composer into using the classics and avoiding the poems of contemporaries. Do poets wish this to be so?

ERNST BACON.

Syracuse, N. Y.

Severed Severance

SIR: It might interest readers who remember Irving Kolodin's "The Death of the Sun" [*SRL* Jan. 28] to have a fill-in on the latest episode in that chain of events. In mid-August veteran *Sun* employees found the following notice attached to their severance pay checks:

> We regret to inform you that severance payments will be suspended after the payment of the week ending August 16, 1950, because of lack of cash except for what is required to pay estimated taxes and current liquidation expenses. It had been decided to suspend severance payments sooner but as a result of conferences with your Committee, whom we have kept advised, payments have been continued to the latest possible date. Severance payments will be resumed as additional assets are liquidated.

At the rate of two weeks' pay per years' service, *The Sun* had fulfilled its promise of "full" severance for approximately thirty weeks. Thus, the "suspension" affects any employee whose loyalty and efficiency were useful to *The Sun* for more than fifteen years.

EX-SUN MAN.

New York, N. Y.

Comic-Book "Macbeth"

SIR: Thank you for John Mason Brown's "Knock, Knock, Knock" in SEEING THINGS [*SRL* July 29]. The article so impressed me, a retired teacher of literature and a lover of Shakespeare, that I feel impelled to express my sincere appreciation of it. It is a timely message, earnestly and forcefully presented.

If young people demand comic books and the like, I suppose they must have them. It is a sad fact that both the young and their elders are poorer because of the passing of many fine things in recent years. "So goes the world today." But in heaven's name let us keep Shakespeare, and keep him undefiled.

WILLA BRAND.

Morgantown, W. Va.

SIR: John Mason Brown's flood of insulting rhetoric in which he lambastes, of all things, the publisher of a comic book is one of the worst cases of intellectual snobbery it has been my unpleasant task to read.

Mr. Brown, in his total misunderstanding, has done what he accuses the publisher of the neo-"Macbeth" of doing: he has "confused one medium with another." Is it impossible for him to comprehend that there may be those in the world who never otherwise would sample Shakespeare, but whose fear might be overcome by just such an approach?

If we are to make Shakespeare a sacred cow, not to be sliced up for mass consumption, then Mr. Brown is correct in his thesis; but if this is true, then our democratized education is static, and I, for one, refuse to believe this. Would Mr. Brown have us read the Vulgate edition of the Bible? Would he have high-schoolers sample Beowulf in its original tongue? Perhaps he feels that those who are so unlearned as to read Dante and Cervantes in English are, after all, only a hungry pack of illiterates anxious to usurp what is not rightly theirs.

To me, it is an admirable venture to take Shakespeare off the pedestal. I say that if these people know only the bare plot synopsis and a few passages, we are gainers, not losers, because otherwise they would know nothing at all.

Shakespeare's plays originally were produced for masses of people. That this is not true today is due solely to the pedagogical, nose-in-air approach of quasi-scholars who, like Mr. Brown, feel that to share their literary property with others will mean spoilage.

HERSCHELL GORDON LEWIS.

Coatesville, Pa.

SIR: This is just another crime comic book, this time done up as Shakespeare. When children select a comic book at a newsstand they look at the first page to see "what's in it." How does the comic-book "Macbeth" begin? On the first page, in the first balloon, a young girl (Lady Macbeth) says: "Smear the sleeping servants with BLOOD!" Is this the keynote of "Macbeth"—or of the typical crime comic book?

Corruptio optimi pessima. Freely translated: the comic-book version of the best is the worst.

FREDRIC WERTHAM.

New York, N. Y.

Tidewater with a Little t

SIR: We tell as a joke the story of the printer who put a comma between "Anatole" and "France." But you cannot be contemptuous of him; for the *SRL* has repeatedly in recent weeks put the comma in "Tidewater, Virginia."

I know there exists in Virginia a post office named Tidewater. But when this word is put before "Virginia" the reference is rarely to that village. "Tidewater Virginia," whether with the unnecessary capital T or with the usually preferable small t, ordinarily means lowland Virginia, Eastern Virginia. The grammar is the same as in "Eastern Kentucky," "Northern Kentucky"; it is not generally right to insert a comma in these phrases, even though Kentucky does have a post office named Eastern and another named Northern.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

"A Credo for the Artist"

SIR: In "A Credo for the Artist," by Francis Henry Taylor [*SRL* July 8] we encounter a diagnosis of the ills, real and fancied, that afflict modern society, modern art, and the artists; and we are offered a nostrum of platitudes—"traditional authority," "universals," and "primacy of being"—as a cure-all. No positive claims are made, but the attractive title invites the unwary reader to gulp this mournful mush down quickly in the hope that, if the stomach does not reject it, the soul will profit thereby.

One can sympathize with Mr. Taylor in his distress over the "disintegration and the collapse of the intellectuals of my own generation," and in his horror over "the insidious infiltration of Russian Communism," but one can hardly share his hysteria concerning the state of modern art and artists. He is not a very credible witness, nor a very reliable critic, when he confuses cause and effect. He states that "reality is . . . horrible" and that the anxieties and uncertainties that govern man's economic and political life . . . spring directly from the disorder in his own soul." In the same breath he complains that "individual security on its face value seems almost the last thing which the arts are giving today to either the spectator or the practitioner." He charges that the artist "makes a wholesale form of surrender to what

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David Daiches's Anthology—A Debate

SIR: In her review of David Daiches's "Poems in English: 1530-1940" [*SRL* July 22] Mary M. Colum has done justice neither to the anthology nor to the prospective reader. She has told us what her anthology would be like, should she compile one, but not what this one really is like.

Having acknowledged that the book is intended for students, Mrs. Colum proceeds to criticize the anthologist's approach as "too pedagogic," while neglecting entirely to mention the most distinctive and useful feature of the book, its 175 pages of historical and critical notes and essays. Her criticism on the score of its omission of certain specified medieval lyrics and ballads is the merest pedantry; the anthologist chose to begin his collection at a time when the language had assumed approximately its modern form. The bulk of her review is devoted to quibbling about the choice of particular poems, although the exigencies of space and copyright, among other considerations, render it certain that no anthology ever to be compiled will suit everyone's taste with the nice exactitude demanded by Mrs. Colum.

It seems unfair to the anthologist, to the student, and to the general reader that so important and valuable a contribution as this book is should be made the victim of personal prejudice, and that its real value should fail of adequate commentary.

GERTRUDE MASON.

Detroit, Mich.

SIR: The trouble between Miss Mason and myself seems to be due to the fact that we have completely opposed attitudes to poetry and to the reading and teaching of poetry. She complains: "Mrs. Colum proceeds to criticize the anthologist's approach as 'too pedagogic' while neglecting entirely to mention the most distinctive and useful feature of the book, its 175 pages of historical and critical notes and essays." It was precisely with these pages in mind that I used the words "too pedagogic." Leaving aside the introductions to the different sections, there are, at the end of the anthology, over a hundred pages of explanatory comments and notes. A sixteen-line poem of Tennyson's, "Break, Break," is treated to seven hundred words of explanation; Milton's "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity" is treated to an essay of 1,500 words and about sixty lines of notes. A large proportion of other poems are dealt with in the same extensive way. Of course, a certain number need some notes, but not of the nature that appear here, for instance that "Ilion" means Troy (this is stated a couple of times), that "Tyrian" means "from Tyre," that "Chian wine" is "wine from Chios," that tunnies are "tunas, a kind of large fish," that "cynosure of neighboring eyes" means "object on which neighboring eyes are directed." Surely this is an underestimation of the intelligence and knowledge of students and readers. I think essays and notes such as are at the end of this book are a positive hindrance to the real understanding of the poetry; filling a reader's or a student's mind with discursive revelations of what the anthologist himself finds in a poem or what emotions it arouses in him is to obtrude himself in the way of such an understanding.

Miss Mason goes on: "Her criticism on the score of its omission of certain specified medieval lyrics and ballads is the merest pedantry." This again shows the opposition of our attitudes about poetry, for I believe that a knowledge of the lyrics I mentioned and of a variety of ballads is an absolute essential for an understanding of English poetry. There is nothing unusual or pedantic about noting the omission of such poems from a comprehensive anthology; even an anthology intended for the general reading public like the "Oxford Book of English Verse" has the lyrics I mentioned in its first pages. Why should a collection for students leave them out? Why should an anthologist present a parody of "Sumer is icumen in" and leave out the original which, besides being a beautiful poem, gives a cue as to what a lot of English poetry is going to be? It is farcical that to explain the parody, which should never be in a serious anthology, the original poem has to be quoted in the notes. As to what Miss Mason calls my quibbling as to the choice of particular poems, if criticism of an anthology is not to deal with particular poems selected, what is it to deal with? The choice of poems in this anthology is often poor; there are several instances in which a poet's best poems are left out and his poor ones included. Let me say at the end that Miss Mason's letter gives the impression that I was less favorable to "Poems in English: 1530-1940" than I actually was in my review.

MARY M. COLUM.

Woods Hole, Mass.

he in his egotism believes to be a unique conspiracy of historical circumstances" because, according to Mr. Taylor, he considers "disorder in his outer universe" to be a "signal for despair." By what set of circumstances can the artist conjure individual security for himself and the world out of the same situation that drives Mr. Taylor to distress and horror? Mr. Taylor presents the artist with a sow's ear and directs him to produce out of it a silken purse.

Mr. Taylor catalogues in detail the defects and shortcomings of modern art and artists, and this would be a devastating document if he could support it with more than spacious generalizations illuminated only by the heat lightning that he generates in his Olympian role. He scorns the people and the arts of today for qualities that are neither more nor less than a part of the inevitable complex of their civilization, and he offers them no greater hope for salvation than a return to traditional authority. When, in the course of history, has a civilization saved itself by a return to the past? Mr. Taylor's panacea is as unresponsive as Marie Antoinette's "Let them eat cake."

HORACE KING.

Petoskey, Mich.

SIR: Hurray for Mr. Taylor! Now is the time for artists to join the beginning swing toward positive thought and action.

JIM MORLEY.

Berkeley, Calif.

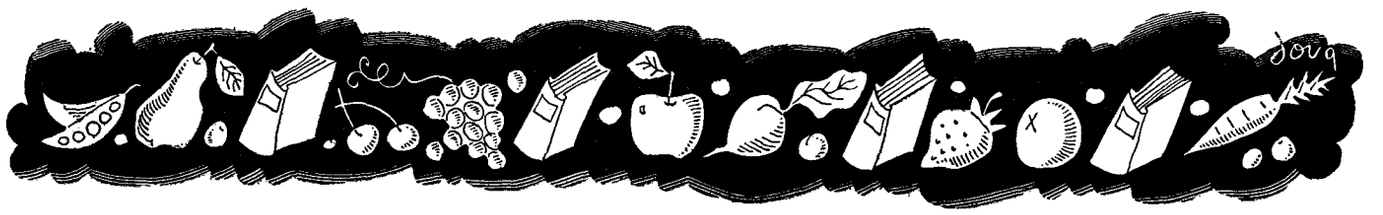
No Time for Happiness

SIR: "Do American Writers Shun Happiness?" If the title [*SRL* July 15] were to be answered alone and in itself, it would have to be an unequivocal "Yes." The reason is that they reflect the period about which they are writing and therefore the period they are representing. There are very few moments in civilization when man has enjoyed happiness. Today, particularly when the atom bomb has been conceived for total destruction of the human race if its potential use is not restricted, man has very little time to think of happiness.

If your definition of happiness is to do what one likes to do when one likes to do it, then man will never wholly be able to satiate his need for happiness. But as long as we have wars and depression—and it looks as if we will always have them, inasmuch as man, despite the efforts of religion and philosophy, seems to get a depraved delight out of kicking the man going down while very reluctantly kissing the man going up—our time for happiness will be divided into very fleeting moments. And those fleeting moments mostly come in the two weeks which the capitalist, on top, who can't seem to enjoy himself no matter what he does, consigns to those under him.

S. H. DARWENT, JR.

La Grange, Ill.



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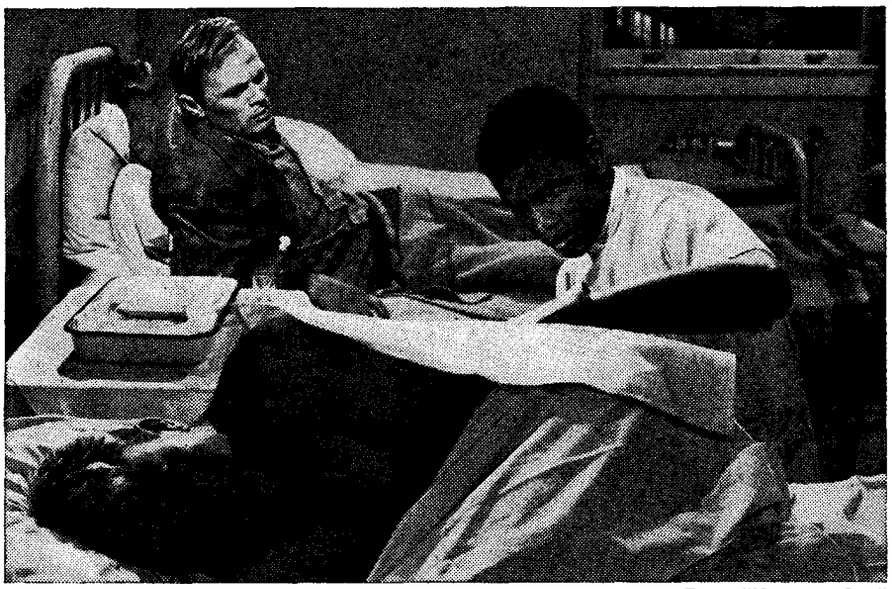
SRL Goes to the Movies

THE FALL AND RISE OF RICHARD WIDMARK



—From "No Way Out."

Dick Paxton, Richard Widmark (rear), Sidney Poitier—"a blood-and-thunder sermon."

—From "Panic in the Streets."

Emil Meyer, Paul Douglas, Richard Widmark—"a honey of a story."

NO WAY OUT, screen play by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and Lesser Samuels; directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz; produced by Darryl F. Zanuck for Twentieth Century-Fox.

Ray Biddle.....Richard Widmark
Edie.....Linda Darnell
Dr. Wharton.....Stephen McNally
Dr. Luther Brooks.....Sidney Poitier
Cora.....Mildred Joanne Smith
George Biddle.....Harry Bellaver
Dr. Moreland.....Stanley Ridges

PANIC IN THE STREETS, screen play by Richard Murphy; directed by Elia Kazan; produced by Sol C. Siegel for Twentieth Century-Fox.

Clinton Reed.....Richard Widmark
Police Captain Warren.....Paul Douglas
Nancy Reed.....Barbara Bel Geddes
Blackie.....Walter (Jack) Palance
Fitch.....Zero Mostel

ANYONE who has any doubts about the ability of Hollywood to call a spade a spade need only see "No Way Out" to learn how wrong he's been. In fact, Hollywood's "frankness" reaches a new high in Darryl Zanuck's second major treatment of race prejudice. He's followed "Pinky," which related the story of a Negro girl's temporary passing into the white sphere, with a stark, almost nightmarish, tale of a young Negro attempting to take a dignified place in society as a doctor. There is no denying the skill and earnest intensity with which this film has been put together.

Along the way the screen-writers have dug up every epithet the American Negro has been smeared with, and these are tossed at Sidney Poitier (who plays the young man in question) with almost monotonous regularity and precision. The nerves of the audience need to be almost as strong as those of the young Negro in order to stand the strain. As if this was not enough to get across the point, someone finally spits right in his face —and it is only then that he shows any signs of cracking under the assault, and I'm afraid I had, at that point, to restrain myself from walking out with him.

I find it a little painful to have to speak adversely of what is undoubtedly meant to be a wholly dignified and serious attempt to cope with our most prominent social blight, but at some points this movie made me uncomfortable, and I couldn't help wondering if there wouldn't be a widespread audience questioning of what this particular story treatment has shown.

The Joseph L. Mankiewicz and Lesser Samuels story runs, briefly, as follows: two brothers are wounded, not seriously, while holding up a gas station in a Northern city. The young Negro doctor who attends them in the prison ward of the "county" hospital realizes that one of them is suffering from a critical brain tumor. The patient dies after a spinal tap has been administered, and the other brother (played with chilling intensity by Richard Widmark), a Negrophobe of the deepest die, thinks his brother has been murdered by the doctor and determines to "get" him. From here on the melodrama shifts into hill-climbing gear. A race-riot, incited by Widmark, ensues. When an autopsy shows that the doctor acted with remarkable skill Widmark reveals the psychotic twist motivating him, and the balance of the picture devotes itself to his paranoia working into its phase of lurid violence.

Now, if "No Way Out" is making a point about the nature of prejudice it is this: it is a disease, a disorder, a peculiar variety of social paranoia. It is the sick mind that is anti-Negro. The upshot of the message seems to be that the Negro is fighting against this general run of madness, of which the picture shows Widmark to be only a more extreme case. And here is where "No Way Out" left me floundering.

For my experience tells me that there are fairly normal, reasonably well-adjusted housewives who will not live on the same street as a Negro, who won't share a housing project with Negro families. I'm aware, too, of any number of intelligent, reasonably "liberal" organizations, business and cultural alike, which will not hire Negroes. I wondered how much this sort of action or non-action is allied to the kind of disorder the film

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portrays. Is it sickness or is it more in the nature of narrowness and snobbery, ignorance and stupidity? Or perhaps the film is making the point that *normal people who indulge their* polite anti-Negro prejudices are, in fact, sick with the same disease—only in a milder form—that afflicts the pitiable, paranoiac Negrophobe portrayed by Widmark.

But, even if one were to accept this view, it seems to me that Hollywood is still ducking its responsibilities when it insists upon casting its problem films in sheerly melodramatic terms.

A flare lights up a junkyard, the scene of a pitched battle between Negroes and whites, and sheds an eerie radiance over struggling forms and weird metal shapes. This scene *is* remarkable pictorially, but its place in the scheme of the story is questionable—seems more like violence for the sake of violence—and the frightful quality of it is hardly likely to be salutory. It is shocking to see a white woman spit in the face of a Negro doctor who is treating her badly wounded husband; I could not help feeling that as a supposedly meaningful climax it was, at the least, naïve. I was made uncomfortable throughout because I was being bludgeoned into a conception, given a blood-and-thunder sermon. A serious theme like this demands intelligence and subtlety more than crudeness, reality and the nuances rather than the stark occasional case.

This aside, there is still much in "No Way Out" that is worth your time. You will not want to miss the appealing and restrained performance of Sidney Poitier, Stanley Ridges as a tired hospital superintendent, Mildred Smith's poignant soliloquy as Poitier's wife. Widmark adds more facets to his portrayal of the psychotic hoodlum. And you may be curious to see Linda Darnell's "I'm a mess" role; though for the life of me I can't seem to figure out just what she was doing in a good part of the film, except as a flimsy connection between plot sequences.

* * *

ON THE other hand I sat through the same studio's "Panic in the Streets" literally enthralled. Yes, I guess that's the word, and may I be forgiven if I sound like a Twentieth Century publicity blurb from here on in. I remember, when the Army was kind enough to station me in Paris just after the last war, having some conversations with an intense young Frenchman who was wholeheartedly interested in motion pictures. We were comparing French and American movies, and we'd fallen into the rut of negating, perhaps politely, the products of our respective homelands. I kept admiring the "psychological realism" it seemed to me I'd noticed in many French movies, and André kept insisting that American movies moved, by God, and that was what movies were primarily supposed to do.

The cinemas on the Champs-Elysées were still digging up old Abbott and Costello films at that time, and André didn't have very much fresh material to back up his case. The reason I bring it up now is that I kept remem-

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bering André's dictum all through "Panic in the Streets." If we'd have been able to repair from our cafe table to a showing of this film he'd have won his argument without any trouble at all.

Well, this one *moves* all right, and it's pretty close to American movie-making at its all-out best. It has a honey of a story to tell, purely hypothetical fiction though it is, about the incipient outbreak of a very nasty form of bubonic plague in New Orleans and the pursuit of some criminals who, having polished off an illegally entered Armenian, have been exposed to the highly contagious disease he carried. Richard Widmark shows up again, this time as a public health officer, a *very* good man indeed, and Paul Douglas joins up with him as a police captain who is slowly convinced of just how serious the pursuit is.

But good as they are, this is the director's film, and in the event it wasn't altogether known before, Elia Kazan shows himself to be absolutely topnotch, whether it's the stage or film medium he works in. He has all of New Orleans to roam around in, and he keeps the camera moving through a fascinating series of settings. The entire film, in fact, was shot in that city, and about a hundred residents were used to fill speaking roles. The Richard Murphy screenplay was altered constantly as unforeseen circumstances presented opportunities to Mr. Kazan, and I guess it's just this sort of creative direction which has so much to do with the success of the picture. There isn't only camera movement, there's the kind of movement that comes from tight screenwriting, the fashioning of a chain of causation that allows no lag in audience belief. Each scene is like a link forged, and it's always the *next* scene that snaps the link into place. Link upon link, and with each one's accomplishment the tension grows.

It's melodrama that we get again, but it's melodrama built from good basic material. Problem: forty-eight hours to find a murderer, but that murderer and his two pals can quite conceivably start an epidemic raging through the city and then outward. Walter Palance wonderfully gets across, as the murderer, the craft and stupidity that add up to his particular quality of evilness, and Zero Mostel completely reverses his comic field as the weak pal. Barbara Bel Geddes is a bit overshadowed amid all the excitement, but she's refreshing and memorable nevertheless.

This one kept me on the edge of my seat; from the frequent gasps rising en masse from the audience, I wasn't alone. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

NO anthologist, however modest his pretensions, can ever hope to escape being charged with sins of inclusion and exclusion. And when he is so immodest as to give his collection some such title as the one Whit Burnett has given his new anthology—"The World's Best" (Dial Press, $5)—the charges are certain to descend upon him in quantity and from all quarters. But Mr. Burnett in this instance has been no more than an honest middleman, for he has relied not on his own judgment, but on the judgments of more than 600 other readers in many countries: authors, P.E.N. Club officers and members, editors, reviewers, educational leaders, librarians, "miscellaneous public figures," booksellers, and subscribers to *The Saturday Review of Literature*, who were invited by him to cast their votes for the "most distinguished living authors." One hundred and five writers, belonging to twenty-three countries, were chosen by this method; each writer was then asked to make a selection from his own work and explain the reason for his choice—a task that was sometimes delegated to the editor—and the selections were then put together, in national categories, with biographies and bibliographies, under Mr. Burnett's magniloquent title.

The result of this procedure is both interesting and odd. There is no doubt that the fat volume produced by balloting contains much excellent reading matter; but there is also no doubt that a good deal of this reading matter cannot fairly be called either "best" or "great." Then, too, the selections furnish ample evidence that authors frequently are not competent judges of their own work. (For example, Sinclair Lewis has chosen to be represented by three slick little anecdotes, dealing with sex and marriage in the United States, that give small proof of his real worth; while James Branch Cabell has ignored fine specimens of his art in favor of an essay that is charming but slight. On the other hand, one of the happiest and most unpredictable choices has been made by Mr. Burnett himself—Belloc's "Heroic Poem in Praise of Wine.") The so-called "novel units," of which there are many, are not always self-sufficient and, even when they appear to be, almost invariably lose value by being separated from the novels to which they belong. In some instances selections seem to have been made with regard to the importance of the subject rather than the distinction of the writing. (Three cases in point are Sandburg's account of Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, Robert Sherwood's description of the Yalta Conference, and William Shirer's vituperative, journalistic blast against the Nazi prisoners at Nuremberg.) A few authors have, I think, found their way into this company of the world's "most distinguished" simply because they happen to be fashionable at the moment. (Among these I would name Sartre and Camus.) In other cases authors are present not because they are great, but because their countries, apparently, had nothing better to offer an anthology that aimed at international comprehensiveness. And George Bernard Shaw, who led the field in the balloting, is toweringly absent, having refused to permit any line of his to be included and having proved by the style of his refusal that, however great a writer may be, he is almost certainly a greater boor. Summing up, "The World's Best" is far from being the book its title promises—Mr. Burnett, unaided, could have made it much more nearly that—but it is an interesting cross section of the kind of writing that has won authors fame, and sometimes fortune, during the first half of the twentieth century.

ANOTHER large anthology, made for dipping rather than steady reading, is "A Second Treasury of the Familiar" (Macmillan, $5), edited by Ralph L. Woods, who published a similar volume some eight years ago. This is a vast jumble of good, bad, and indifferent writing, all of which can, with more or less justice, be called familiar. Shakespeare is here, and so is Edgar Guest; Christina Rossetti's "My Heart Is Like a Singing Bird" and Service's "The Law of the Yukon"; Chesterfield's "The Battle of Lepanto," Longfellow's "The Courtship of Miles Standish," and Franklin P. Adams's "Tinker to Evers to Chance." Bits of prose, some of them famous, jostle the verse. And one of Rochefoucauld's most famous maxims is credited to that most mysterious of all authors, Anonymous.

Beautiful Bargain Note: "Audubon's Birds of America" (Macmillan, $2.95).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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strayed out of farce. But the aunt has been warmed with life—a grandmother who makes herself a career as a baby-nurse but is not allowed to touch her own grandchildren. Her slightly muddled generosity is quite real. Then there is the little girl of thirteen, the child of divorced parents, who is so concerned with juvenile delinquency that she can talk of nothing else. Hovering on the verge of farce, she is still pathetic. So are the younger children, left to the mercies of baby-sitters while their parents organize activities for other people's neglected children.

For there is life in this book, enough life to make one really regret Miss Lawrence's perverse concentration on cliches. Miss Lawrence sees very clearly the harm that formula-thinking does to human beings and their personal relationships. If she would only keep formula-thinking out of her own books and let her natural bent carry her on to the creation of characters who are individuals first and baby-sitters only second, we should lose only a third-rate social observer but might gain a real talent.

Fiction Notes

FOLLOW ME DOWN, by Shelby Foote. Dial. $3. The skulduggery in human nature has been apparent to all authors from classical times and before, but recently in this country such a spate of murder and mayhem, imbecility and abnormal lust has been loosed on the reading public as only strong stomachs may digest. This tale against the background of lowlands on the Mississippi-Arkansas border opens with a courtroom scene at the trial of Luther Eustis. Slowly, as the story unfolds through the eyes of one person after another, we learn that Luther Eustis never had a chance; the sympathetic reader, along with the sympathetic author and the majority in the small town where the trial is held, will feel sorry for Luther Eustis. Nevertheless, this outwardly respectable man in his middle fifties leaves his family when his disappointment in not siring a male offspring seems to have broken the link with sanity. He had been given to a show of deep religious feeling, yet off he goes with eighteen-year-old Beulah for a three weeks' idyl in a dirty river hut.

The idyl is abruptly terminated by murder. If a deaf-and-dumb boy hadn't been fascinated by Beulah's golden hair and seen the name in the Bible Luther Eustis was never without, he would in all probability have gotten away with it. As it was, the local lawyer who took especial delight in freeing criminals (because his young wife left him for another man, we are told) gets him off. Mr. Foote is adept at characterization; no one who reads this book will soon forget Luther Eustis. Still, such acquaintances can be eschewed by all but rabid Dostoievskians.

—JOHN COURNOS.

THE NEWEL POST, by Rachel Ann Fish. Coward-McCann. $3.50. When Paul Prescott met and precipitously married Cathy Barrett, so young, so pretty, and so gay, he did not stop to consider, and she could not guess, the adjustments which he would be asking her to make when he took her to his family home, Rose Trenton. The great, upstate New York farm, which Prescotts had owned, and where they had lived like lords of the manor for generations, was a small, complete, and satisfying world to the Prescotts. To Cathy it was a prison. She found the new life dull, flat, and hopelessly circumscribed by responsibilities which she refused to recognize and by diversions by which she stubbornly refused to be diverted.

"The Newel Post" is first of all the story of Cathy's long fight to resist the Prescotts and their ways of life. Cathy struggled against a tradition which she was too immature to appreciate, too contrary to accept. While the drama of her gradual growth to adult adjustment is played out, life changes for other members of the family as well, and the altered fortunes, melodramatic difficulties, and intrigues of the Prescott clan create a highly colored and intricate backdrop for the central theme.

To portray life on the seignorial scale which the author intends, to create a vivid picture of a fine old house, of a rich and absorbing gentleman farmer's life, demands only slightly less ability than does the fragile if sometimes interesting theme of a pretty girl's refusal to grow up. In this case Cathy's protracted adolescence outlasts the reader's patience. Nor does the picture of Rose Trenton ever come into complete focus.

—PAMELA TAYLOR.

MY LORD AMERICA, by Alec Rackowe. Farrar, Straus. $3. The author of "A Stylish Marriage" here tells the story of a romantic lad, one Charles Marsden, whose overwhelming passion is to establish the fact of his noble birth and take his rightful place in English society. To accomplish this the tall and handsome Charles leaves his Virginia plantation and journeys to London, where he encounters sufficient obstacles to make his quest the more difficult. The mystery surrounding his parentage is not revealed until the end of the book, and its unfolding is as much a surprise to Charles as to the reader. Although the plot of this seventeenth-century romance has been too often abused, Mr. Rackowe does admirably well with it. His characters and settings are colorfully realistic and his writing is fresh enough to lend authenticity to every scene. What is really unique about "My Lord America" is its restraint and good taste, two qualities generally absent from the pages of historical novels. Indeed, there is wenching and a good bit of droll dialogue, but it is handled with gentlemanly delicacy.

—JOSEPH M. GRANT.

BRIMSTONE IN THE GARDEN, by Elizabeth Cadell. Morrow. $3 This is an entertaining and light-hearted novel about a group of pleasant people (and a few eccentric ones) whose lives are complicated by the presence in their midst of a ghost: the Devil himself in disguise, and his attendant lower-grade Imp, complete with pitchfork and tail, but, fortunately, invisible. The quaint, deceptively placid hamlet of Deepwood, in Wiltshire, is the background for Mrs. Cadell's triple plot, which involves three sets of lovers, each laboring under a different kind of handicap. Joanna Stirling and Strone Heriot find the fact that Joanna still has a legal husband a considerable obstacle; Willy Hume has the greatest difficulty persuading Elinor Stirling (Joanna's aunt) that romance is still highly possible and proper at the age of forty; Francesca Flerry and her suitor, young Dr. Beale, are very nearly thwarted by her overly fond parents.

All these stony courses are eventually smoothed out, not by a guardian angel, but by the suggestions, proddings, and machinations of the Devil, alias Frobisher the gardener, whose identity might have been suspected long before it was, seeing that everyone felt so uncomfortably warm around him and that his flowers al-

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ways burned up and withered away.

Amusing as this sort of carrying-on can be, I found myself wishing that Mrs. Cadell hadn't employed quite so much hilarious whimsy in her book. It's just a bit too arch and coy every now and then, at least for my taste. But for those who enjoy this playful, mock-literal brand of necromancy, "Brimstone in the Garden" will prove highly diverting and appealing light reading. —SARA HENDERSON HAY.

A GAME FOR EMPIRES, by Pearl Frye. Little, Brown. $3.50. Miss Frye, a very well-read amateur historian, who also has seen a great part of the world on her travels, here presents a novel about the five decisive years in Horatio Nelson's career—from the year 1793, when the future victor of Trafalgar got the command of his first battleship, *Agamemnon*, to the Battle of the Nile in 1789, which saved India from Napoleon's grasp and established Nelson as the great naval man that his superiors, impatient of his quick temper and his pride, had until then been hesitant to acknowledge he was. The story has, of course, been told many times before. Indeed, this is the second Nelson novel to be published this year. Miss Frye tells her history straight most of the time; and what "fiction" there is—dialogue, minor characters — serves merely as a series of illustrations, as it were, to historical facts. These illustrations, I'm sorry to say, are neither very colorful nor drawn with much subtlety or distinction. The author makes liberal use of Nelson's correspondence and his dispatches. But for all that, or because of it, her portraiture of Nelson adds very little to his well-established picture. In short, it is hard to see what Miss Frye has aimed at in her book—unless it has been her desire to indulge her enthusiasm for the hero she has read so much about and win new enthusiasts for him among a generation grown somewhat weary of the glamour of battles. —ROBERT PICK.

THROUGH THE FIRST GATE, by John Craig Stewart. Dodd, Mead. $2.75. Mr. Stewart's novel of a boy's crucial year of growth has a deceptive simplicity about it that will soften, for most readers, the grim hardness at its core. We walk with young Tom McAllen along his Southern country roads, follow him to school, observe him reaching to measure up to his bold and manly father, his friend Abe, or his bitter enemy, Rufus, see him shying from his first sense of slavery to beauty, and note the growth all along of confidence, of the integrity that goes toward the making of a man. It seems to have been a quiet, pastoral tale, all dust and clouds and dreaming. But look again, and the tale reveals its sterner outlines, like a picture with hidden figures.

Tom McAllen has been grappling upon one level with the problem of handling a hunting rifle, or of learning the courage to dive from a tower into deep water. But upon another level he has been plunged into deeper waters still. He has come upon the matter of race relations, a point of education even more poignant in the life of a Southern boy than it is in most others. Tom's relationship with Rufus Ames is a subtler matter, something he cannot ever consciously understand, something toward which he must grope through a fog of conflict. Rufus is the most complex figure in the book, and an altogether successful creation, the confirming seal upon Mr. Stewart's excellence. Rufus is torn by ambivalence: he hates Tom because he admires him and because he would love him if only love might leave to Rufus the dominance he must have. Theirs is a spiritual duel, beautifully realized, and it comes to its tragic climax at the book's logical end. This is a fine first novel and ought to be preface to a body of impressive work. —NATHAN L. ROTHMAN.

98.6, by Leon Z. Surmelian. Dutton. $3. Daniel Moore was an undergraduate at a Western state university when he discovered that he had tuberculosis. Starved for reassuring affection, hopeless of his physical future, and unable to grasp at any comfort from the Roman Catholic faith, into which he had been born, he was reprieved only just in time when his sister arranged to have him transferred to a private cottage sanatorium in California. The bulk of the novel is devoted to Daniel's life in Sierra Vista, where

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

PURPLE PATCHES

A. C. Palmer, of Pomfret Center, Conn., offers twenty quotations each containing the word "purple." Can you match them with the poets who wrote them? Allowing five points for each correct tie-up, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 37.

1. Now whilst your purple hands do reek and smoke, Fulfil your pleasure. ( ) Bryant
2. That on the green turf suck the honey'd showers, And purple all the ground, with vernal flowers. ( ) Burgess
3. The Summer dawn's reflected hue To purple changed Lock Katrine blue. ( ) Byron
4. Flushed with a purple grace He shows his honest face. ( ) Dryden
5. The pale purple even Melts around thy flight. ( ) Emerson
6. Over the edge of the purple down, Where the single lamplight gleams. ( ) Fitzgerald
7. The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor. ( ) Holmes
8. What splendors fall on Syrian sands, What purple lights on Alpine snow. ( ) Keats
9. I never saw a Purple Cow, I never hope to see one. ( ) Kipling
10. Or columbines, in purple dressed, Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest. ( ) Longfellow
11. Round purple peaks it sails, and seeks Blue inlets and their crystal creeks. ( ) Milton
12. And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain. . . . ( ) Noyes
13. His cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold. ( ) Poe
14. The venturous bark that flings On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings. ( ) Pope
15. Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying. ( ) Read
16. A vile conceit in pompous words express'd Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd. ( ) Scott
17. The purple petals, fallen in the pool, Made the black water with their beauty gay. ( ) Shakespeare
18. With beaded bubbles winking at the brim, And purple-stained mouth. ( ) Shelley
19. Earth could not answer; nor the seas that mourn In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn. ( ) Tennyson
20. Born in the purple, born to joy and pleasance, Thou dost not toil or spin. ( ) Whittier

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carefully considered and modern care gradually restores, despite some terrible interludes, a measure of health to the wasted body, and where friendship with the amusing, debonair Hollywood publicity agent who shares his cottage and love for a pretty young woman, who is also a patient, brings maturity of mind and emotion to the lonely young man.

Daniel's eventual discharge, his unwise and careless life following his release from routine, his nearly fatal relapse, lead him, finally cured, to a revelation of the true God, which his soul has so avidly desired.

Hard enough to live through at first hand, the course of tuberculosis, with its sputum cups and excruciatingly painful surgical treatment, makes far from agreeable reading, even, one imagines, for those who have endured the disease themselves. Even more distasteful to the normal, healthy reader are the frequent passionate interludes. It is a fact, of course, that the sexual drive is heightened in tuberculosis. But while these episodes are undoubtedly intended to throw David's ultimate spiritual rebirth into brighter contrast, they are quite evidently a good deal more interesting to the author than the final revelation.

—P. T.

MEN IN BUCKSKIN, by Herbert E. Stover. Dodd, Mead. $3. Mr. Stover crowds his novel of the Revolutionary era with a mass of seemingly authentic detail. That the breath of life still eludes "Men in Buckskin" is attributable to the fact that its characters never assume the credibility of its background.

A British-sponsored Indian invasion of Northern Pennsylvania is repelled, in Mr. Stover's narrative, by the efforts of one Simon Braide and a band of frontier irregulars. Simon is a better judge of horseflesh than of women and commits the initial blunder of taking the local Mata Hari for a wife. She promptly consumes his stock of brandy and absconds with a military map he has been commissioned to make. In his quest for wife and map Simon gets himself captured by the British and arrested as a spy by the Continentals but survives to triumph over his enemies and to make a second and safer choice of a mate.

There is some colorful narration in "Men in Buckskin"; Mr. Stover is often effective in describing action or locale. Yet the book never succeeds in becoming more than a loosely connected series of escapades because its protagonists display only the most rudimentary behavior and speak an argot so cliché-ridden that it resembles the captions for an early silent movie.

—Martin Levin.

BELLES-LETTRES

(*Continued from page* 14)

son alone. Starting with Homer, he treats every type of writing, including the epic, the lyric, and the drama; the writings of the historians, philosophers, and orators; the varied products of the Alexandrian period; the literature of religion, and, finally, Lucian and the novel (romance). His discussions vary, including biographical facts (necessarily sparse), synopses, analyses, commentary. An appendix at the back gives pertinent bibliographies, usefully and briefly annotated. His comments are always fresh and stimulating though he is so eager to communicate his information and enthusiasm that often his style is clumsy and overburdened. But that is only a quibbling objection. As a survey his book maps its vast territory with clear and vivid lines and invites the reader to take a closer look.

—R. H.

WRITINGS FROM WILLA CATHER'S CAMPUS YEARS, edited by James R. Shively. University of Nebraska Press. $2.75. Willa Cather spent the years 1890-1895 at the University of Nebraska as a student and there tried her hand at dramatic criticism, fiction, and poetry in the various college publications. Some of these juvenile flights are collected by Mr. Shively. These selections are uniformly undistinguished and give little indication—no matter how much one would like to find it—of Willa Cather's later literary powers. What can be said at most is that her academic and home training in the classics and the Bible is reflected in the style of all her writings. Some of the included stories, it may also be noted, show an early predilection for Midwestern themes and settings.

Of somewhat greater interest is a collection of letters in the same volume written by several of Willa Cather's schoolmates in answer to queries sent out by Mr. Shively. From these letters emerges a biographical composite of the author during her campus years. To her friends she was plain "Billy," courteous, outspoken, and outstanding in extracurricular activities. To most other people she appeared as a person who generally encouraged respect but not fondness —a maverick who defied feminine convention by her mannish dress, forceful conversation, and public exhibitionism. Some of Mr. Shively's correspondents score Willa Cather's superior air, cynicism, and assertiveness, but most of them agree that she had good grounds for her opinions and that her objectives were clear in her mind.

—Siegfried Mandel.

DIDEROT'S DETERMINED FATALIST, by J. Robert Loy. King's Crown Press, New York. $3.25. In the year 1796 there appeared in Paris a posthumously published work of Denis Diderot, the great editor of the "Encyclopédie." This work was a piece of fiction entitled "Jacques le Fataliste et Son Maître." As a novel it was disorderly in its entirety and obscene in its parts, and one at least of its episodes was plagiarized from Laurence Sterne. The critical response at the time was unfavorable and it was generally conceded that it contributed nothing to Diderot's reputation. Recent historians of French literature give it little space, and it has only once been translated into English—two years after publication for the private titillation, apparently, of an English lord. On the other hand, this same novel was acclaimed with enthusiasm by such important personages as Schiller, Goethe, and Stendhal, and has been reprinted again and again in France (two new editions since the war) until it occupies a position, however minor, in the French classical tradition. The contrariety of critical views thus presents a problem which the author of this book, a member of the French Department at Columbia, attempts to solve. He subjects the novel to an intimate, detailed, and, fortunately, somewhat biased analysis, and concludes that its disorder was intended, its obscenity insignificant, and its plagiarism conscious and possibly even commendable. He awards it a secure place as a forerunner of the modern realistic novel and attributes importance to its deterministic philosophy. A judicious combination of scholarship and enthusiasm makes his little book a pleasure to read and he promises next a new translation so that English readers may judge the novel for themselves.

—Robert Bierstedt.

A READING OF MOBY-DICK, by M. I. Percival. University of Chicago Press. $2.75. There is little doubt that Melville's masterpiece is considered the great American novel; there is a great deal of doubt as to why. There is also some doubt as to what "Moby-Dick" is actually about. What

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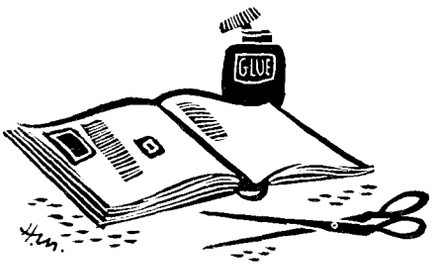
Professor Percival thinks it is about is very neatly stated in this short, well-written, scholarly essay. One of his premises, despite Melville's celebrated declaration to the contrary, is that the story of the chase of the great white whale is entirely allegory. Like the best of that genre it may be read in a number of ways: as an adventure-story, a psychological character study, or a symbolic philosophic investigation. In this last interpretation, indicates Percival, the true greatness of the novel is revealed.

Few works of art have more exhaustively presented the dichotomy of good and evil in the world; few masterpieces, indeed, have stated a philosophic investigation so profoundly and so beautifully. There have been several others, and he cites them: "Paradise Lost," "The Brothers Karamazov," and "Faust." In addition to these he also mentions the writings of Kierkegaard and those found in Job. Otherwise the book is precisely what he says it is, a reading. Using the work itself as his only reference, he has carefully reconstructed the novel, juxtaposed like sections and attempted throughout to follow the elaborate symbolism which gives "Moby-Dick" its unique richness and beauty. In presenting his findings he has rendered Melville a service. —D. R.

FOLKSONGS OF FLORIDA, collected and edited by Alton C. Morris. University of Florida Press. $7.50. The history of Florida under five different



flags has been that of economic migrations primarily from adjoining states, and is reflected in the songs of its natives of such diverse stock as Scotch, Indian, Negro, English, and Irish. Folksongs are generally found where there is a concentration of family groups or a strong communal life, since they are active, personal expressions of experiences, prejudices, superstitions, and customs. With the gradual lessening of family and community ties and the encouraging of passive, vicarious enjoyment by radio, phonograph, television, and commercial song writing, folksongs are becoming relics of the past, subject only to fad revivals. Alton C. Morris, professor of English at the University of Florida, has added some valuable material to the reclamation of folksongs, which inevitably would be lost were it not for the printed page. Most certainly all the collected material in "Folksongs of Florida" belongs to cultural Americana, but much of it also can stand on its own literary feet. Along with the text there are tune notations to most of the 243 selections, transcribed by Leonhard Deutsch. Of further interest are the bibliographical data and the capsule genealogies which follow the texts, indicating the amazing process of oral transmission. Particularly lively and witty selections in this delightful volume are "Revolutionary Tea," "Strawberry Roan," "Keyhole in the Door," and "Down in the Diving Bells." —S. M.

RELIGIOUS TRENDS IN ENGLISH POETRY, VOL. III: 1780-1830: *Romantic Faith, by Hoxie Neale Fairchild. Columbia University Press.* $6.75. In this volume Professor Fairchild continues his scrutiny of the religious element in English poetry. In his previous two volumes he included all the poets; in this he confines himself to seven major figures: Burns, Blake, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, and Keats. His method in general is to anatomize the religious decay of each poet and then to summarize and relate it to the others. What is most distinctive in his approach is that his bias is overtly and rigidly that of an Anglo-Catholic. In other hands such a strict sectarianism might lead to irremediable distortion but he guards against that fault, and avoids it, in two ways: he frankly admits and demonstrates his special point of view and he presents his evidence with scholarly thoroughness and objectivity, often giving views opposed to his own (usually to ridicule them). In another connection he uses a phrase which eloquently defines his own function; he is a "student of spiritual pathology." His diagnosis is that the romantic temper is a diseased one. Its insistence on the I AM led to an overweening egotism, which in turn led to the deadly sin of pride. Each of the poets is damned for that sin, though each achieved it after his own fashion. Thus, through his unifying bias, the romantic movement emerges as a varied complex of ideas with no significant common element except a repudiation of Christian dogma and theology. In other words, through this study we see that the poets of that period embraced the great romantic *un*faith. Such a subject offers the scholar unlimited opportunity for dulness and turgidity; Professor Fairchild, however, provides a remarkably readable "monument," with a lucid style spiced with wit. —R. H.

The Cumulus

By Louise Townsend Nicholl

THERE is a grief so hard that only One
Can suffer it,
To Him we offer it.
This we had learned from insight and belief,
This we had done,
Before we knew the grief.
Not that we suffer but that Suffering is,
And Suffering complete and pure is His.

Now the continuing Calvary we know
And its bequest.
This agony was suffered long ago
And on those clouds of suffering we rest,
Borne up by buoyant banks beneath our feet,
Banks of sustaining cloud;
The cumulus, the mass, which has accrued
Until this time, kept constant and restored
Even by us who to the timeless hoard
Of given suffering return our own,
The sacrifice commingled and complete.

There is a grief so hard that only One
Can suffer it,
To Him we offer it.
Not that we suffer but that Suffering is,
And Suffering complete and pure is His.

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ANOTHER VIEW FROM 1960

(*Continued from page 9*)

cago but for the Gary steel mills; but thanks to a combination of darkness, a heavy thunderstorm, and the activity of interceptor planes, the bomb was dropped by grave mischance right on the Chicago Tribune Tower, which was reduced to radiant ruins. Colonel Robert R. McCormick, warned in time, was safe in his underground shelter; but he emerged too soon, in confidence that no European radiations could harm the hero of Cantigny, and disintegrated within two weeks.

All in all, the Russian attack did considerable damage and killed many people, but nothing like so much damage, or so much slaughter, as had been predicted not only by fiction writers but by scientists who had taken into account every factor except chance and inefficiency.

It must not be supposed that inaccuracy was a prerogative of the enemy. Our bombers, operating from European bases against nearby targets, had usually hit what they were aiming at or hit close enough to it. But the Russian raids brought an irresistible demand for retaliation; our air command finally had to send a number of planes, manned by volunteers, on one-way strategic bombing missions into the heart of Eurasia; and it is now known that most of them hit nothing but the landscape—though one or two had such striking success as to make up for all failures. But that is a familiar story; a literary magazine may properly note some unforeseen consequences of Russian atomic bombing, whose full extent cannot yet be estimated.

THERE came a time when the Kremlin had only one atomic bomb left; and as the European ground operations were by no means going as planned, it was decided to use that one in Europe. But where in Europe? Antwerp, the principal port of entry for American supplies? London, the heart—as always—of European resistance? Either might have been a profitable target. But the Kremlin, always inclined to stress the moral and psychological imponderables (and often misjudging them) concluded that the vigorous campaign for neutrality among French intellectuals might be promoted by dropping a bomb on Paris—the right part of Paris. It had been intended to drop it on the Place de la Concorde; but thanks once more to chance, weather, and interception the bomb exploded above the confluence of the Boulevards Montparnasse and Raspail, where it incinerated so many intellectuals as to end the campaign for neutrality.

It is the effect of that bomb on American culture, however, which here concerns us. Since the Ninth War ended the young American intellectual who wants to get away from it all has no place to go. His traditional refuge is now dust and ashes—radioactive ashes, at that; and the secondary favorite, the lotus lands of the South Pacific, had already been debunked by the war of 1942-45. Some of these would-be expatriates are still hunting for a substitute for Montparnasse, in a world where no place is any longer far enough away from any place else; but an increasing number of them seem to be resigned to staying at home and trying to make the best of it.

Still more significant has been another effect of the Russian atomic attack on American culture. It is impossible for anyone who never lived in New York before 1950 to appreciate the sequence of emotions—bewilderment, then blank stupefaction, and at last a paralyzing humiliation—that beset its inhabitants as they gradually realized that they were not only safe but ignored; that an enemy with only a few atomic bombs had not thought it was worthwhile to waste one on New York. They had expected it, they had read harrowing stories of what it would be like, they had prepared and braced themselves to meet it; and then nobody bothered with them. To the innumerable New Yorkers who had always supposed that Manhattan Island was the mid-navel of the earth, this was a shattering blow; and especially to those who were on the whole the most dynamic element in New York, the immigrants from the interior who had come there in that belief. Dazed, confused, confuted, in recent years more and more of them have been moving out, going back where they came from.

Brooklyn, already twice as populous as Manhattan, has become still more preponderant with this exodus from the smaller island, and preponderant in more than numbers. It begins to seem that what "New York" had meant to American culture and world culture for a century before 1950 is likely to be replaced by the somewhat different cultural values of Brooklyn; with eventual consequences which no man can now foresee.

So at last the Ninth World War was won. Even more truly than the Eighth it was a war for survival; plenty of people are now pointing out

that survival is not enough but it was the first and indispensable necessity. Those who complain of the complexity of post-war problems should remember that the dead have no problems, nor the conquered. It is obviously desirable to strengthen the world organization, if we can; but the anti-Russian coalition of the Fifties, like the anti-German coalition of the Forties, was held together by fear; it is not yet certain how much international cooperation we can get when there is nothing to fear immediately, nor how soon an effective organization could be put together when there is something to fear once more. As, some day, there will be.

Where it will come from no one can now predict. Stalin and Molotov are dead, but Vishinsky is getting rich out of his memoirs being published in several American newspapers—his theme being, of course, "I Was Always Secretly a Menshevik." The Marxist mythology has been discredited, the Comintern has been destroyed; but plenty of the fragments of both survive as fragments of Fascism survived the Eighth War. Scientific progress had not yet advanced sufficiently, this time, to leave the whole world poisoned with radioactivity; but another poison lingers—an evil knowledge, the knowledge of the Leninist technique of seizing and retaining power, which could be picked up and put into practice by any group that could escape notice for a few years. There survives also the nature of Man, who is sometimes sinful; and more often, and more calamitously, is stupid. . . . But who also has his glimmers of intelligence and of self-denying good will. Those glimmers have been enough to save us, just barely, from catastrophe, so far; they may do so again.

The morning cometh, and also the night; if ye will inquire, inquire ye.

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U. S. A.

(*Continued from page* 19)

ing economic order and of what he calls "representative government in industry." An indispensable book for anyone concerned with labor relations —including those who have framed or would frame its laws.

TAXES AND ECONOMIC INCENTIVES, by Lewis H. Kimmel. The Brookings Institution. $2.50. Few indeed are those who meet the demands of the Bureau of Internal Revenue and its counterparts with a song in their hearts and an openhanded generosity of their checkbooks. Mr. Kimmel's study isn't calculated to change any of this but can bring greater understanding about tax problems to quarters which have heretofore contributed little but noise and confusion. Like most Brookings reports, his takes a generally conservative tack, but it is also somewhat iconoclastic and wholly undoctrinaire. Furthermore, it comes as close to being a readable, responsible, and practical handbook on overall tax policy for the ordinary voting taxpayer as anything this reviewer has seen.

Mr. Kimmel's (pre-Korean) plumping for generally reduced income taxes, both corporate and personal, have of course evoked high editorial praise from the conservative press. But, aside from these, his book is hardly a comfort to conservative economic theory and its faithful. Inferentially, he demonstrates that our loudest calamity howlers shift most of their tax load onto the consumer's back. And he remarks that the test of excessive taxation is whether it so restricts "economic incentives and productive effort as to bring about sharply lower levels of business activity and national income." To date that hasn't happened. Yet, by focusing on the effect of taxes on the economic incentives of individuals, the author loads his argument against admitting the potential economic benefits of high personal income taxation. One such is a more socially acceptable redistribution of income, and another is the stimulus of Government spending. Wisely carried out, these high-tax policies can sharpen, not dull, incentive in a private enterprise economy.

THE MIDTERM BATTLE, by Louis H. Bean. Cantillon Books, Washington, D. C. Paper, $1. Cloth, $2.50. Contrary to some well-deserved but misinformed publicity, Louis H. Bean, that redoubtable oracle of electoral things to come, is not a pollster. He is, in fact, just the opposite. In case you've forgotten, Mr. Bean is the fellow who predicted correctly the Truman miracle of 1948 and the Democratic shape of the Eighty-first Congress. He did this without asking a question à la Roper or maintaining a high-powered research organization à la Gallup. He also did it without mirrors.

Two years ago, in a little book entitled "How to Predict Elections"—which went unread by those who most needed to digest it—Mr. Bean laid bare his methods. They comprise nothing but what mathematicians call "extrapolation." All you need in order to do the same is some graph paper, a comprehensive record of what the voters did at past elections, a mite of calm judgment, and a good head for figures. Then, following Mr. Bean's advice, you too can predict.

Now, for those who missed his Dewey Memorial Lectures of 1948, Mr. Bean is repeating the course with an eye to November 1950. In "The Midterm Battle" he is back at the same old lectern, extrapolating as usual, and not at all puffed out from past success. He leads you through a maze of statistical trends, mathematical waves, and independent variables. He doesn't quite supply an answer, but if I understand him and if gremlins haven't bewitched my graph paper, the Democrats will keep control of both houses of Congress, though probably with reduced majorities. There is, however, one joker about extrapolation of which Mr. Bean and wiser forecasters are aware: John Q. Voter is always liable to jump out of the statistical traces, although it wasn't he who jumped in '48, and thereby start a new series of trends that can't be accounted for by this book. Drew Pearson, another oracle with a conspicuously lower batting average, supplies the preface.

—Peter R. Levin.

"INDISPENSABLE" CENTURY

(*Continued from page* 7)

properly called "the poetry of statement," does not merely make statements. In fact, it is doubtful if any English poet was ever more successful in making what looks like mere statement actually something more.

Yet there is, nevertheless, a very important difference in poets and prose writers alike with regard to the extent to which they rely upon statement or upon implication for the major part of their communication. A Shakespeare is supremely great partly because he strikes a perfect balance, because he uses to the full both of language's two methods of communicating. A Marvel leans somewhat in one direction; a Yeats, like most present-day poets, very far in that same direction. Many another poet of today goes further still along that road until at an extreme one gets those talkers-to-themselves who employ a private language and who seek to imply or suggest everything, actually to *say* nothing.

In the eighteenth century the prose writers as well as the poets used the purely connotative possibilities of language rather sparingly and almost unconsciously. They were so intent upon being clear and precise and definite that suggestion seems merely to slip in. And for that reason they write what is the finest prose and verse of its kind in English. For that reason, also, what they wrote could be studied with the greatest profit today. Nothing else is so likely to teach us what at this moment we most need to learn: namely, that more things can be actually *said* than we seem to believe and that so far as prose at least is concerned the best is that whose texture is firmly denotive and which can as statement stand firm on its own legs.

Sometimes we hear that the root of all our trouble is that we lack any firm core of conviction. But if art imitates life, life returns the compliment, and it is surely legitimate to ask, not only how truly "Ulysses," for example, "reflects the confusion of our times" but also to what extent it has contributed to that confusion. Where every sentence says or is at least intended to say two or three different things related only in the eccentric context of the author's mind we may possibly be curiously entertained but we seldom see any one thing clearly enough to decide whether or not we are prepared to accept it. If we really do desire to get convictions, to know what we believe and what we do not; if we

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are not secretly anxious to increase our doubts and our confusions; then we ought to want statements clearly defined which we can accept or reject. Poetic ambiguity has its uses, but we have had more of it than we can use. If a few more plain statements were made we might discover that we believe more than we thought we did.

Even in Pope's own day there were those who saw the danger, for that day, in his too famous definition:

> True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
> What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed.

As Dr. Johnson said so precisely, such a definition of wit "depresses it below its natural dignity and reduces it from strength of thought to happiness of language." We cannot live by platitude alone. But neither can we live by paradox alone, and that is precisely what the intellectual tried to do for half a century until, more recently, he gave it up for something even less substantially nourishing. Weary of Victorian platitude, he took up paradox and then, weary of paradox, he turned to ambiguity which, sometimes at least, means only two or three simultaneous clichés parading as wit. We are solemnly assured that when Joyce asked himself "Was life worth leaving?" he meant both "Was life worth living?" and "Was it really worth my while to go into exile from the home county identified by a certain Irish river?" Neither of these questions seems in itself profoundly original. Do they become so by being asked simultaneously? Would anyone who asked them separately be a very interesting writer?

The real point of the present discourse is not, however, to attack or to depreciate any contemporary writer for what he has found it desirable to do. It is merely to suggest that something might be now learned from models too long neglected. The eighteenth century has become indispensable again.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Shakespeare: "Julius Caesar." 2. Milton: "Lycidas." 3. Scott: "Lady of the Lake." 4. Dryden: "Alexander's Feast." 5. Shelley: "To a Skylark." 6. Kipling: "The Brushwood Boy." 7. Noyes: "The Highwayman." 8. Whittier: "The Last Walk in Autumn." 9. Burgess: "The Purple Cow." 10. Bryant: "To the Fringed Gentian." 11. Read: "Drifting." 12. Poe: "The Raven." 13. Byron: "The Destruction of Sennacherib." 14. Holmes: "The Chambered Nautilus." 15. Tennyson: "The Princess." 16. Pope: "Essay on Criticism." 17. Emerson. "The Rhodora." 18. Keats: "Ode to a Nightingale." 19. Fitzgerald: "The Rubaiyat." 20. Longfellow: "Flower-de-Luce."

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
MOZART AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES		
MOZART: CONCERTONE in C, K. 190. SYMPHONY ♯23 IN D, K. 181. Vienna Symphony, Swoboda. Westminster LP: WL 5013 MOZART: SYMPHONY ♯18 IN G, K. 130. SYMPHONY ♯30 IN D, K. 202. Vienna Symphony, Swoboda. Westminster LP: WL 5012		Mozart, the incredible genius! Four early works—composed between sixteen and eighteen—and the infallibly right harmonies, the perfect proportion of all parts, harmony, melody, emphasis, makes even his "experiments" with new forms each an ideal work of its particular type. The "Concertone," composed before any of Mozart's true concertos, is a concertante work for four soloists and small orchestra, profoundly beautiful in every measure, if not of much concentration. The Symphony ♯23, in Johann Christian Bach's Italian manner, is frothy, brilliant without much thematic development, the movements running continuously. Symphony ♯18, strangely, is considerably more interesting and content-full than the ♯30 of two years later. ♯18 is the first in which Mozart made the finale an involved and climactic movement culminating the work. ♯30, for a different occasion, is lighter entertainment, more an off-hand serenade; its finale is the lightest of all. Again, the impeccable Mozartian writing lifts this far above mere hack work. Recording in all of these is first rate, done from tape, performance is unusually sensitive.
MOZART: PIANO SONATAS in A MINOR, K. 310; A MAJOR, K. 331. Lili Kraus. Polydor-Vox LP: PL 6310	A modern recording, probably tape-made; but poor mike placement has given an artifically hard, wooden tone, surely not Kraus's. Low distortion makes the music easily listenable even so.	Piano students can learn much from the quiet, controlled, thoughtful Kraus playing; listeners will also be delighted.
MOZART: VIOLIN SONATA IN B FLAT, K. 378. Isaac Stern; Alexander Zakin. HAYDN: VIOLIN CONCERTO IN C. Isaac Stern; anon. orch., A. Zakin. Columbia LP: ml 4301	The piano sonata has exceptionally good violin-piano balance and excellent piano naturalness. An unusual recording. The Haydn concerto gives proper importance to the important orchestra part. Both are fully modern recordings.	The familiar violin sonata in about as fine a reading as you'll hear on records, with advantage of long playing, quiet surfaces. Stern-Zakin is a memorable team. The Haydn concerto is markedly earlier-sounding in style than the Mozart concerti.
HAYDN: CLAVIER CONCERTO IN D. M. Roesgen - Champion, harpsichord. HAYDN: OBOE CONCERTO IN C. Pierre Pierlot, oboe. Both with Lamoureux Orch., Goldschmidt. Polydor-Vox LP: PL 6320	Masculine and feminine. The harpsichord concerto (really piano style—Landowska started tradition of harpsichord performance) is feminine yet strong, not unlike some of later symphonies. Oboe concerto, a more elemental, simpler work, has brassy, cultivatedly brash outer movements, a songful slow movement with lovely oboe. Recording is only so-so. The Lamoureux plays in a strangely dead, cavernous place, gives an unnatural sound. The orchestra's spirit is fine but there are, as before, too many minor slips of intonation and accuracy.	
KARL STAMITZ: SINFONIA CONCERTANTE IN F FOR SEVEN SOLO INSTRUMENTS AND ORCH. Vienna Symphony, Swoboda. Westminster LP: WL 5017	Seven soloists make this an unwieldy piece of music at times! But, though all must have their say and do, the recording has them beautifully delineated, the "accompanying" orchestra nicely balanced. Some spots overcut, my copy.	Here is the famous Mannheim music from which stemmed so much of Mozart and Beethoven. Mozart style to our ears—but the harmonic structure is more lax, grows monotonous, in spite of lovely melodic detail. Unusual.
MOZART — MICHAEL HAYDN: SYMPHONY ♯37 IN G, K. 444. MICHAEL HAYDN: "TURKISH" SUITE. Vienna Symphony, Swoboda. Westminster LP: WL 5016	This symphony, listed by Köchel as Mozart's, is actually by Michael Haydn, Mozart's Salzburg colleague and brother of Joseph—except for the slow introduction, added by Mozart. (The whole was passed off as Mozart with M.'s connivance!) The introduction is powerful, in later Mozart symphony manner. The Haydn-made continuation is like early Mozart symphonies (above), also suggests Joseph Haydn in spots. The M. Haydn "Turkish" Suite is mostly drowned out by fantastic dishpan-like "Turkish" percussion effects! Quiet slow movement is lovely. Fine recording throughout. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.	

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THE FINE ARTS

STUDENT ART AT THE ADDISON GALLERY

"I FEEL," said Thomas Hardy, "that Nature is played out as a Beauty, but not as a mystery." That apparently is the view of nearly all the art students whose pictures are being exhibited this summer at the Addison Gallery of American Art in Andover, Mass., and will later be sent on tour by the American Federation of Arts. The Gallery's announcement declares: "Tomorrow's artists are now in school. What does their painting forecast?" The statement oversimplifies prophecy's requirements in that many of tomorrow's best artists will probably be self-taught or will have had only a relatively sporadic instruction, as in the recent past. Nevertheless, the Andover show is a valuable survey. It includes very few works in which the painter has accepted nature at face value; the dominant forces are abstraction and to a lesser degree expressionism. Those who await a penitent return to realism among younger American artists will go away from this display uncomforted when not irate.

But first a word about the plan of the exhibition. For the third consecutive year the Addison Gallery's director, Bartlett H. Hayes, Jr., has asked twenty-five art schools to submit seven pictures by registered students. The gallery has agreed to hang a minimum of three entries from each school. The list of schools has been changed each year, but there has been a constant effort to secure a wide geographic representation and to invite only "those institutions wherein art training is essentially of a professional nature, whether University or Independent Art School." The Addison Gallery has requested that the school's choice be made "on the basis of *quality*, imaginative and interpretive quality, fully as much as technical," and has advised that the work of a novice "could receive equal consideration to that of an advanced student if it should reveal greater artistic insight than a more technically perfect but less personal work."

These are admirable terms. They are based, one assumes, on a conviction that technique is no guarantee of excellence. The issue is important at this juncture since there are influential critics who claim that what contemporary art needs most is purely technical reform, as though by sharpening his pencils a young painter could inherit Ingres' conviction and borrow his ambience. The truth is, of course, that a change in modern art when it comes again will spring from the spirit rather than the tools of the trade. Even so, it is my seemingly contradictory duty to report that for me the two most distinguished pictures in the Andover show were a conté drawing by Arnold Leondar, of Columbia University, and an aquatint by Jerome Wilson, of Columbus Art School in Ohio. I say "contradictory," for both are especially proficient works. But proficiency for its own sake is not their virtue, and what makes them commendable is that they are modest enough in aim and scale to utilize adequately technique's integral but not dominant role in language. We have long since enlarged our understanding of technical suitability to include many anti-academic procedures, among them the "primitive" and the "automatic." The graphic images of Leondar and Wilson prove by reverse example that the eloquence of awkwardness, as of uncontrolled instinct, is incredibly difficult, and should not be attempted by an artist who is not afire with something that cannot be said in other terms.

Not many of the oil paintings in the show seemed to have a specific point to make. In fact, the exhibition's most discouraging aspect was that the students had so quickly learned to ape their immediate elders. The influence of Pollack, Baziotes, Motherwell, and MacIver, themselves not long in the public eye, could be felt in many pictures from all over the country. Perhaps there is a lesson in this for those who believe that the New York art world is entirely self-feeding and that a more vigorous and independent painting is likely to be discovered in the hinterlands. On the contrary, as the Andover exhibition makes clear, the latest developments in art are known very quickly everywhere; they are rejected, adapted, or creatively transformed according to the artist's individual character, not his geographic position.

There is probably no permanent harm when young in emulating an older brother. Nevertheless, for artists there is a definite advantage in reacting to colleagues who are at least one generation removed and preferably two or five or ten. Otherwise the very young painter will tend to confirm, without extending, an advance that has just been made. He will add little or nothing of his own; he will be trapped, unless he is exceptionally gifted or careful, by the formula of instant repetition which was the eventual death of the Mannerist and Baroque styles. The modern School of Paris has included many artists who have followed hard on the heels of their predecessors in a given direction. A few have survived, and are respected today; the names of most are wholly lost.

THE current cult for abstraction in American art has a special danger in this regard. For despite the progress in critical standards, self-imposed or externally applied, it is easier even now, I think, to achieve a *presentable* abstract picture than a figurative one, though not to create a great or durable work. At Andover, for example, there were a few "subject" paintings in the manner so popular among conservative artists of the early 1920's. They could nearly all be rejected at once on the grounds of imaginative banality. But the abstractions offered no such ready aids to judgment, whether or not we agree with the formalist theory that these aids are peripheral to the business of art. What one objects to in the majority of these paintings is their lack of persuasion and urgency of personal form. One feels that they are abstract because that is now the mode. And I for one am not at all convinced that abstraction can be creatively continued so soon by still another generation. Very likely it will always be with us as an alternate choice for the painter, yet time may be needed before its potentialities can be freshly explored.

How much of the current emphasis on abstract art is the result of the progressive training now given in many of our art schools? A great deal certainly. The principles of design and texture which were so brilliantly developed at the Bauhaus in Germany have now made their way into the curriculum of art schools all over this country. In a venerable institution I visited recently, for instance, the plaster casts had been taken to the cellar, and the main classroom was hung with the students' experiments with *collage*. The benefits to taste of such modern instruction have been considerable, and no one can doubt that today's students are taught much and pleasurably about compositional structure. But do they understand more than their elders about the abstruse psychological process which is the creative act? By starting their careers at the maximum point of re-

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bellion some of them at least have lost the incentive of opposition to be overcome. When we consider the upheaval it must have cost Picasso to abandon his elegiac rose period for the austerities of cubism, we sense an organic process that could not be denied. But many of the young now commence and end with abstraction. One looks in vain among their first works for that gathering momentum which characterizes the realistic beginnings of men like Mondrian and Miro.

By a comforting paradox, however, it is the very thoroughness of the progressive victory in American art training which guarantees an eventual deepening of what our younger painters will have to communicate. In our century we have grown so used to perpetual revolution, in life no less than art, that we are inclined to disbelieve in the possibility of counter-revolution, to ignore the historical fact that it most often breaks out precisely at the center of revolution itself. The day will come, I imagine, when students will decide that for the time being they have learned all they need to know about abstract design. The plaster casts will be trundled back again, the model will resume her studied pose, and there will perhaps begin anew that intense and far more than technical concentration on faded antiquity and dull reality which led to magnificent results in earlier centuries. It is a day to which some of us look forward with equanimity after seeing the latest crop of student abstractions.

—James Thrall Soby.

Swiss Achievements in Architecture

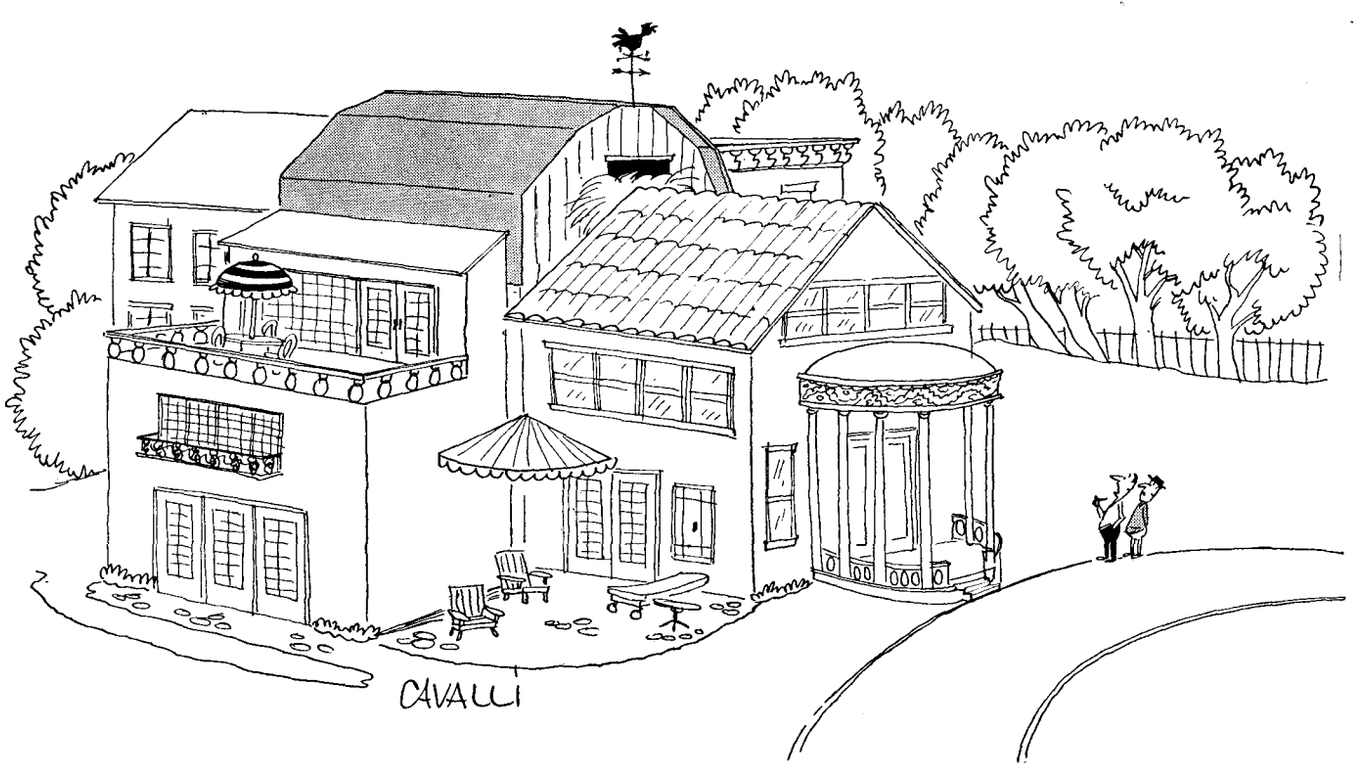
SWITZERLAND BUILDS. By G. E. Kidder Smith. New York: Albert Bonnier. 234 *pp.* $7.50.

By William Lescaze

THIS reviewer was born in Geneva many years ago and has lived for the last thirty years in America. It was therefore with a very special pleasure that he examined how "Switzerland Builds" through Kidder Smith's pages. I trust that many others will want to do so, too.

One known fact emerges: modern architecture was born in Western Europe between 1915 and 1920. Those years were my student years. Most of us—aspiring young architects—looked with astonished eyes at the architecture our fathers were building. I had extracted from my parents the promise that I would go to Paris, to the Beaux Arts. I knew nothing about the Beaux Arts except that it was an "academic" school, but after all—Paris was Paris. The First World War put an end to my fanciful dreaming. I had to stay within the borders of Switzerland. I became a soldier, then an officer of the Swiss Army, and when I heard that Professor Karl Moser had been given a chair at the Federal Institute of Technology in Zurich, I decided to attend his courses —the most inspiring introduction to architecture I have ever witnessed. Architecture was art, yes—but first of all people. Architecture was science and business, yes, but then again people—and art. There were good old buildings in Switzerland and in all countries of the world; we should study them—but not copy them—and we should discover for ourselves why they were what they were and what made them significant and beautiful. There were no clichés then, no manifestoes, no names to worship. There was only that stupendous job which every one of us in his youthful innocence plus the enthusiasm of a great master felt sure he could tackle—that job of creating the good and beautiful forms which would serve well the new needs of people, his contemporaries.

Thirty years later Kidder Smith discovers Switzerland. Born in Birmingham, Alabama, in 1913, he belongs to that young generation which came after the first struggle. I wish he had dug a little deeper into that part which already belongs to history. It would have prevented him from making a few mistakes such as implying that modern architecture was christened "International Style" right at its start, or believing that modern architecture was born in one country and from there spread to neighboring countries. Frankly, there is nothing more "international" about modern architecture than there is about modern man. They are both international and national. Modern architecture is just about as international and national as was Gothic architecture. And as to the



"A few years ago we decided to buy an old house and fix it up ourselves—you know, use our own imaginations. . . ."

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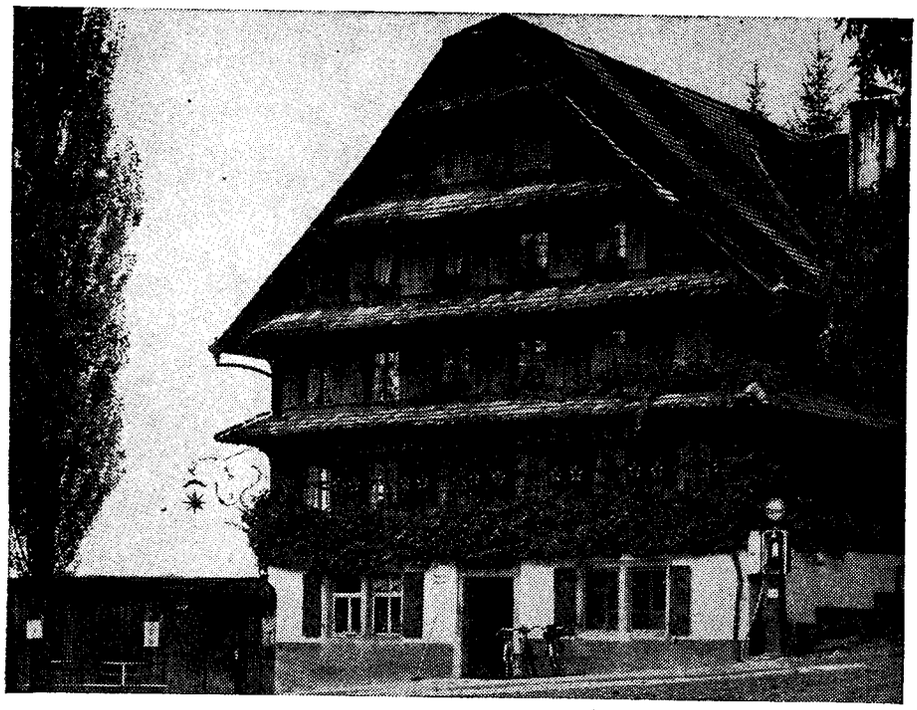
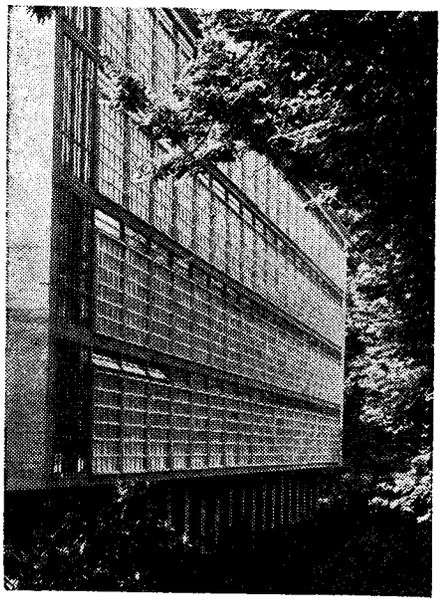
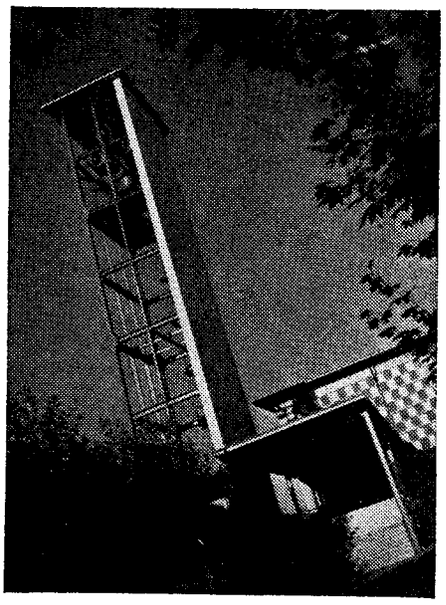
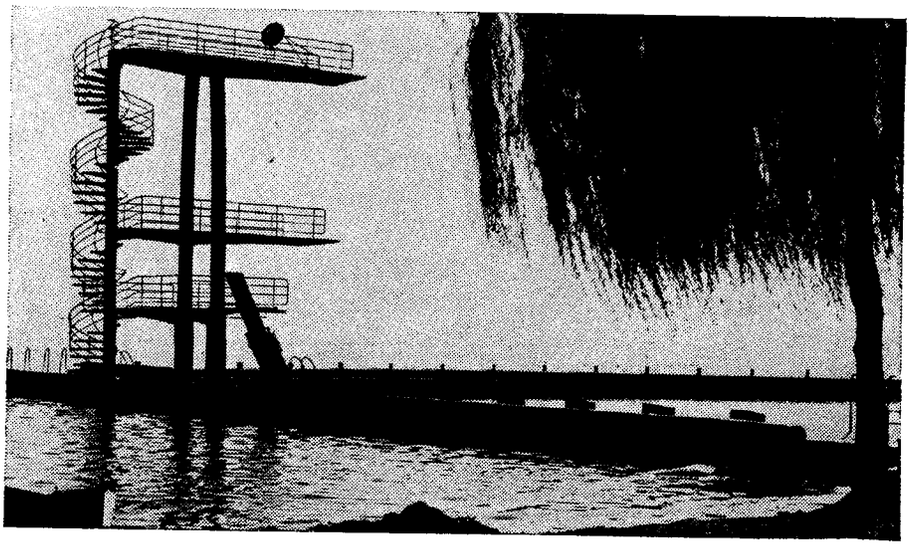


Old house—"there were no clichés then, no manifestoes, no names to worship."





Library, church—"modern examples are everywhere, the traditional almost non-existent."



Diving-board: "Architecture was art, . . . science, business, yes, but first of all people."

birth of modern architecture, it looked much more as if the Dutch and the German, the French and the Swiss, the Dane and the Swede all at about the same time, yet often unknown to each other, had simply reached the same inescapable conclusions—our fellow men deserve better architecture than they are getting; we can and we will create it, for their use, for their enjoyment, expressive of our time, our ideals, our ideas.

Kidder Smith searches with a keen eye and has arranged his material well. He shows the variety of land, the green valleys, and the white snow. He graphically relates Switzerland to the United States, on the globe, as far north as the northern tip of Maine, in size one-half of South Carolina. (I still remember an article in *The National Geographical Magazine* which suggested that if all the Alps were flattened out by some giant iron, Switzerland would then emerge as large as Texas.)

Kidder Smith sees quite clearly the rather rugged, orderly, thrifty background of the Swiss. His sixty pages on "native architecture" are excellent, although I wish that he had made more than a passing reference to the Baroque and to the eighteenth-century styles, both of which played so important a part in the Swiss architects' consciousness. The best photographs are in this part of the book. His last 150 pages on "modern architecture" are divided into multiple housing, private houses, churches, schools, hospitals, open-air baths, public buildings, and industrial architecture. They constitute a very well-documented report—surpassed only by Max Bill's "Modern Swiss Architecture 1925-1945"—on the recent achievements of Switzerland in the field of architecture. I wish Kidder Smith had used larger photographs, larger and clearer floor plans, with a few more compass points, in this part; that he had drawn the lesson of the Congress House, that fine handling of a modern addition attached to an old building; that he had told us more of the collaboration between architect, sculptor, and painter which the Swiss have sometimes achieved and which we so seldom do. Kidder Smith states in his preface: "Whereas Brazil or the United States occasionally produces buildings of exceptional merit, these are comparative rarities in a field of eclectic mediocrity. . . . In Switzerland on the other hand, first-rate modern examples are everywhere and the traditional almost non-existent."

These thoughts ran through my mind:

(a) Most Swiss architects are modern; most United States architects are not.

(b) Swiss architects have very few

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opportunities, these seldom of large scope; United States architects have unbelievable opportunities, some of them as great as those offered by pyramids for the pharaohs or cathedrals for the Middle Ages.

(c) Swiss architects must rely on a cautious and slow construction industry to execute their designs; United States architects have a forceful, fast-working construction industry to execute theirs.

(d) Swiss building owners, boards of education, hospital boards, private individuals have definitely made their choice—good modern architecture. They and their architects build without apology; slowly—alas, much too slowly—American building owners are beginning to realize that watered down (traditional, or what have you) architecture ceases to be architecture.

Given (b) and (c), if (d) is variable and changes soon enough we should get a new (a') "all United States architects are good modern architects," and Kidder Smith would have to write another stimulating book—this one—"U.S.A. Builds." Let's do it.

William Lescaze, Swiss-born American architect, designed among others the Philadelphia Savings Fund Society building in Philadelphia, the West Coast headquarters of the Columbia Broadcasting System in Los Angeles, and the Longfellow Building in Washington, D. C. He is the author of "On Being an Architect."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 376

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 376 will be found in the next issue.

ZAYZ BYX XCWDZ BVC

BETBFZ SGVC DRBY TC

DRAYH DRCS DG

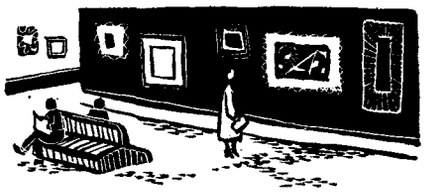
WC. D. QJEECV

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 375

Popular wrongs are but popular rights in embryo.

—C. J. DARLING

From Manet to Toulouse-Lautrec



IMPRESSIONISTS AND SYMBOLISTS. By Lionello Venturi. Translated by Francis Steegmuller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 244 *pp.* $5.

BY JOHN REWALD

THIS book is a sequel to the author's "Modern Painters," published in 1947 and devoted to nineteenth-century art from Goya to Courbet. The present volume covers the second half of the same century, from Manet to Toulouse-Lautrec, whereas a third, on contemporary painting, from Matisse to the present day, has as yet appeared only in Italian and French. Here, as in his other books, the author's purpose is, as stated in an epilogue, "to indicate . . . which of the works of each artist are perfect, and which are less than perfect, according to a judgment based on a norm which is not fixed once and for all and applied to every work and to every artist, but which is derived from a reconstruction of each artistic personality."

To this task the author applies his vast knowledge, his unusual perceptiveness, and his gifts as a writer (the book is apparently translated from the Italian manuscript and this reviewer has no way of commenting upon its rendering into English). Yet, in spite of his unique qualifications, the author does not offer us here what we can rightfully expect from him. The succession of chapters devoted to a selected number of painters reads like a series of lectures and the comments on individual pictures sound indeed like explanations accompanying slide projections. The fact that all the illustrations, though following the sequence of the text, are grouped at the end of the volume, makes it rather awkward for the reader to follow Professor Venturi closely. But more awkward still is a certain lack of balance in the text which knits together well-known biographical facts and often quite insignificant details with critical comments and extremely pertinent remarks; there is also a continuous shifting back and forth between generalizations and interpretations of specific paintings. The result is a strange mixture that comes sometimes close to banality while at other moments it offers highly intelligent formulations and throws a brilliant light on esthetic and historical problems.

While Professor Venturi rightfully refuses to apply a rigid system to his art criticism, he often fails to explain the basis for his judgment and presents his readers with statements that can hardly go unchallenged, especially since he is not only outspoken in his likes as well as his dislikes, but frequently adopts a tone of finality. It seems difficult to accept, for instance, the author's comment on Degas's "Rape" (which omits to mention that there is no satisfactory explanation for the title of this work) as "the gravest error of taste he ever committed. The objectivity and ability of the execution show all the more clearly the lack of style, the lack of emotional participation in the scene. One would even imagine that the artist felt a repugnance for his own work." Nor is it made quite clear why Professor Venturi, in his analysis of Manet's "Bar at the Folies-Bergère" (which, by the way, is erroneously described as showing a crowd sitting at tables in the bar) should use five times the word phantasmagoria. Indeed, as soon as he lets himself be carried away by his enthusiasm, the author is easily satisfied with high-sounding praise that offers more words than facts, such as his definition of Manet's "Fifre" as "all pure creation, the work of a happy moment, a magical achievement that goes beyond all trickery and all reality."

However, it would be gravely unjust not to mention that the book also abounds in statements and interpretations of a highly felicitous nature. There are excellent chapters, such as the one on Monet, and even the controversial ones, like that on Seurat, are often extremely stimulating.

The book also contains a well-compiled bibliography, an extensive index, and no fewer than 217 illustrations. These, however, are mostly of well-known works and seem rather poorly printed.

In spite of all the foregoing, this reviewer wishes to stress the fact that he has a very high esteem for the author, for his scholarship, culture, and industry, and that he considers Professor Venturi's merits in the field of modern art to be of such magnitude that they will easily withstand this adverse report on his most recently published book.

John Rewald is author of "Georges Seurat," "A History of Impressionism," and other works on modern art.

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. First name of hero in title of Dickens's "American novel."	119 91 29 4 151 103
B. A gigantic Mexican tree, *Taxodium mucronatum.*	43 20 42 135 31 17 65 156 7
C. River in Brazil, about 1300 miles long, into Amazon.	111 35 129 172 132
D. French painter known for conventional scenes (1684-1721).	126 102 36 121 90 163 23
E. The Basque language.	21 84 39 13 32 44 46
F. Understatement for effect (Rhet.; "not a bad boy").	87 37 19 83 18 67 70
G. Longest river in France, into Bay of Biscay.	168 76 117 89 59
H. Pertaining to the typical seals.	22 160 100 118 74 98 45
I. Negroes, regarded as article of commerce (slave-trade term).	110 78 139 12 94
J. Overrun by a certain common member of the hare family.	52 14 24 47 114 95 82
K. Island in Gulf of Alaska; site of first Russian colony in America, 1784.	164 105 152 57 69 99
L. First name, author of "Philosopher's Holiday," 1938.	26 49 85 97 115
M. Annual "Medal" for a children's book by an American writer.	50 5 51 142 169 124 40

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. American author, painter, engineer (1838-1915; "Caleb West, Master Diver").	171 162 86 137 154
O. *English sculptor* (1850-1925; "The Mower," etc.).	30 108 131 62 72 104 27 66 148 101 122
P. To survive.	48 77 112 25 11 6 55
Q. Greek historian, fifth century B.C., greatest historian of antiquity.	153 10 143 33 147 1 53 75 123 116
R. Builder of "Mouse Tower" on Rhine (German legend).	96 155 161 167 173
S. Dusk.	174 138 93 88 166 159 127 79
T. Of mist, etc., thick or impenetrable.	157 149 56 141 130
U. To strengthen a body by adding qualified members.	133 146 106 71 8 38 61
V. Relatively low in some ingredient.	170 64 2 113 9
W. Cowboys (Australia; Western U.S.).	68 136 175 150 145 73 125
X. Pertaining to time or act of *rising; eastern.*	28 134 107 80 60 128
Y. Venetian painter of religious subjects, frescoes, and altarpieces (c.1480-c.1556).	92 16 63 54 41
Z. Giant in "Das Rheingold," dragon in "Siegfried" (Wagner's "Ring").	81 120 58 3 158 34
Z¹. First President of German Reich, 1919-25.	109 15 165 140 144

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

1 Q	2 V	3 Z	4 A	■	5 M	6 P	7 B	8 U	■	9 V	10 Q	11 P	12 I	13 E	■	14 J
15 Z¹	16 Y	17 B	18 F	■	19 F	20 B	21 E	■	22 H	23 D	24 J	25 P	26 L	27 O	■	28 X
29 A	■	30 O	31 B	32 E	■	33 Q	34 Z	35 C	36 D	37 F	38 U	39 E	■	40 M	41 Y	42 B
■	43 B	44 E	45 H	■	46 E	■	47 J	48 P	49 L	50 M	■	51 M	52 J	53 Q	54 Y	55 P
56 T	■	57 K	58 Z	■	59 G	60 X	61 U	62 O	■	63 Y	64 V	65 B	66 O	67 F	■	68 W
69 K	70 F	■	71 U	72 O	73 W	■	74 H	■	75 Q	76 G	77 P	78 I	79 S	■	80 X	81 Z
■	82 J	83 F	84 E	■	85 L	86 N	87 F	88 S	■	89 G	90 D	91 A	92 Y	93 S	94 I	■
95 J	96 R	97 L	98 H	99 K	■	100 H	101 O	■	102 D	103 A	104 O	■	105 K	106 U	■	107 X
108 O	109 Z¹	■	110 I	111 C	112 P	113 V	114 J	115 L	116 Q	117 G	118 H	■	119 A	120 Z	121 D	122 O
123 Q	124 M	125 W	■	126 D	127 S	128 X	129 C	■	130 T	131 O	132 C	■	133 U	134 X	135 B	■
136 W	137 N	■	138 S	139 I	140 Z¹	141 T	■	142 M	143 Q	144 Z¹	■	145 W	146 U	■	147 Q	148 O
149 T	■	150 W	151 A	152 K	■	153 Q	154 N	155 R	156 B	■	157 T	158 Z	159 S	160 H	161 R	■
162 N	163 D	164 K	165 Z¹	■	166 S	167 R	■	168 G	169 M	170 V	171 N	■	172 C	173 R	174 S	175 W

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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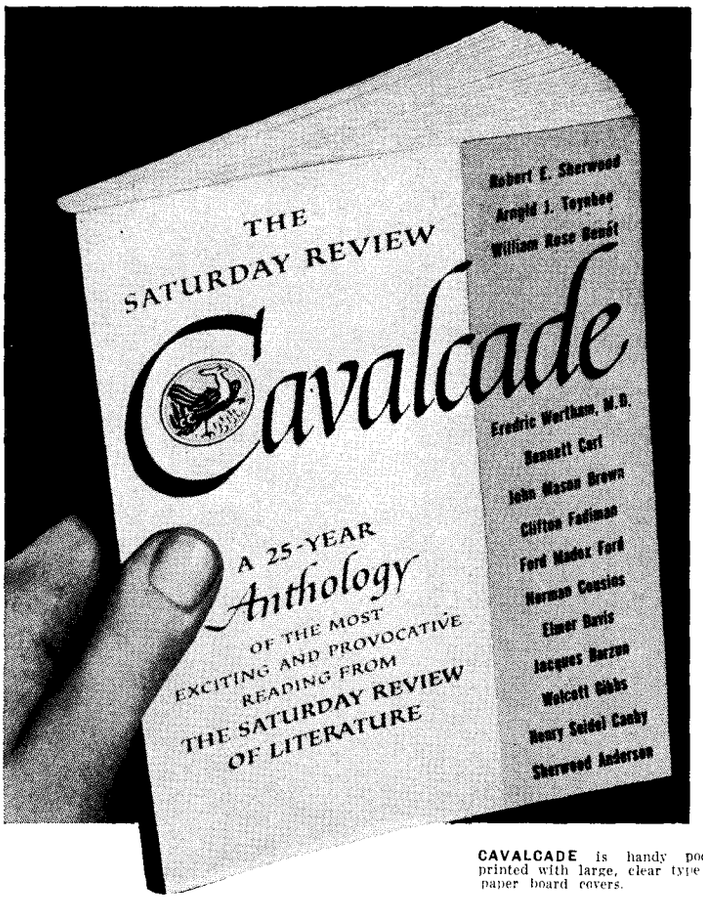

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